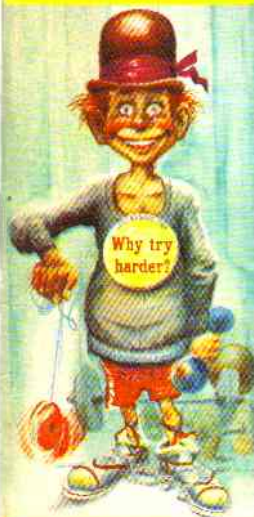


JUNE, No. 53



LET US  
ENTERTAIN YOU

# SICK

HOT RODDERS  
MAD COMPUTERS  
HIP MOVIES

30c

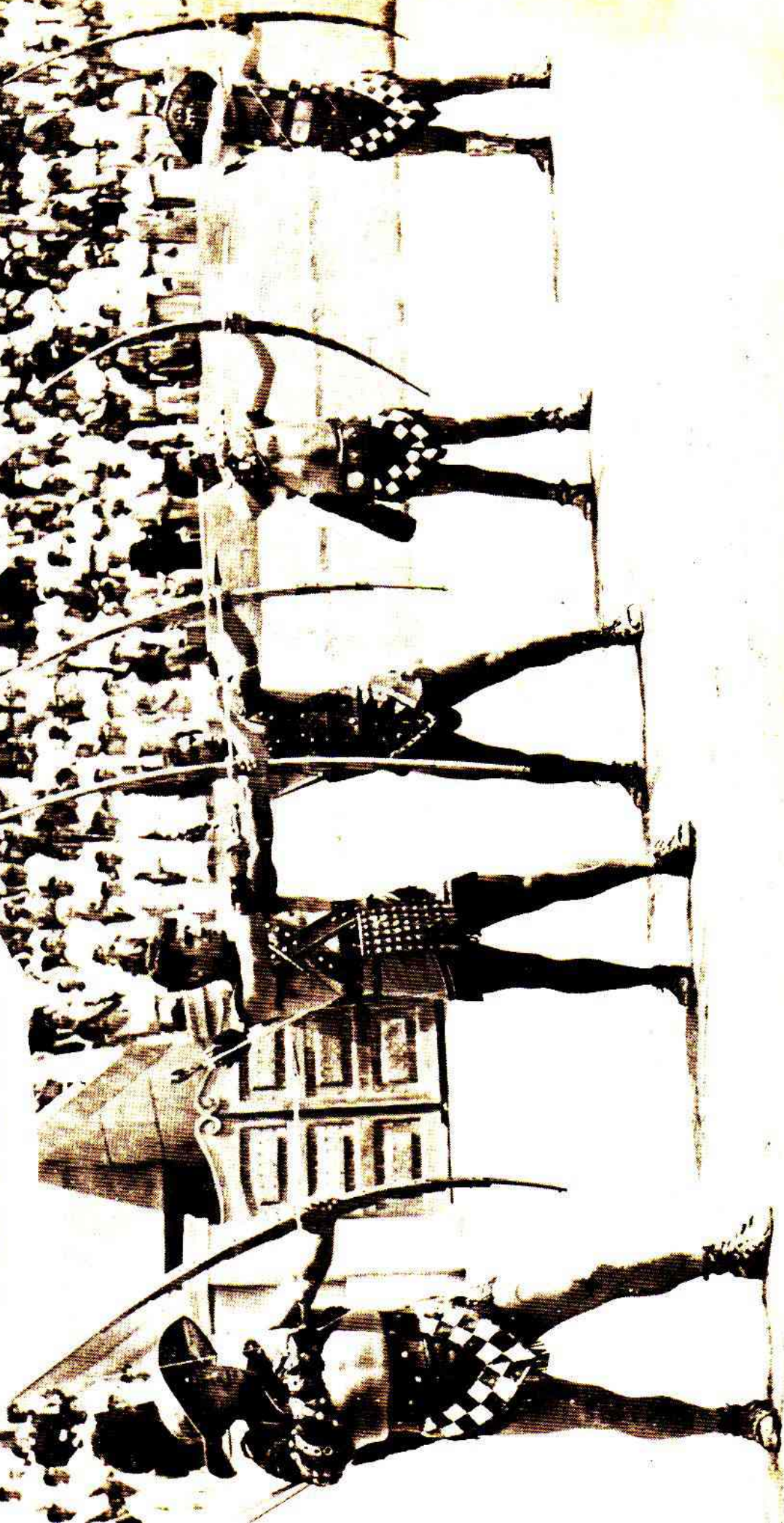
PDC

# SPOOF



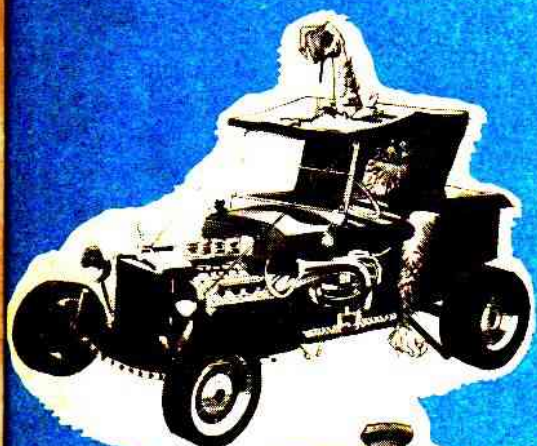


There must be an easier way  
to make Swiss cheese!





# HOT RODS FROM THEN TO NOW



No. 53

Vol. 7, No. 5

June, 1967

## HIP MOVIES

The last word in off-beat casting that is a sure bet to win an Academy Award—for sheer gall! After the critics saw some of these epics, they put the producer's foot-prints in cement—all the way up to his neck! . . . . .

4

## ABC's OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

The author of these poems dealing with the Great Society hates to brag, but he believes it was his verses alone that was responsible for a twenty point drop in President Johnson's last popularity poll! . . . . .

11

## TIME FUNNEL

A Sick parody of the television program that is knocking them dead in every one of the 20 centuries. This show that the actors themselves are crazy about, as it allows them to disappear into a different time period anytime they are bothered by bill collectors or ex-wives. . . . .

26

## PET SECTION

Another in a series of Sick pets, topping even our last one entitled, "How To Make Friends With A King Cobra," by the late Ali Stiffe. This one is even guaranteed to give Sigmund Freud the shakes, as Jim Atkins tells of his love for his pet watermelon. Yes, after reading this heart-warming article, you'll never feel quite right again about callously spitting out your watermelon seeds. . . . .

32

## SICK REVIEWS OLD MOVIES

These three movies are so bad, that when they were shown at sneak previews, the audience sneaked out during the first reel. In fact, the theatre-managers had to promise the projectionists the Medal of Honor, to make them stay in their booths. Even if these films ever stood a ghost of a chance, after we get through with them, they're bound to go from here to obscurity. . . . .

48

Joe Simon, *Editor* . . .

Fred Wolfe, *Associate Editor*

Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent* . . . Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*  
Bob Powell, *Art Director* . . . Melissa Jane, *Messages*


James Richard, *Campus*  
Jack Scott, *West Coast*  
Angelo Torres, *Pa*  
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*  
Bob Elliott, *Space*  
Fran Dibacco, *Science*  
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*  
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*

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In an effort to take the play away from television, Hollywood has been knocking itself out to come up with new formats and off-beat stories. With very little success.  
Sick, as usual, has the answer. Why not take the great old films and spice them up, like these examples of—

# Hip Movies



JAYNE  
MANSFIELD

MAMIE  
VAN DOREN


ELKE  
SOMMER

*Little  
Women*

"THE BIGGEST PICTURE  
OF THE YEAR." ... *Time*

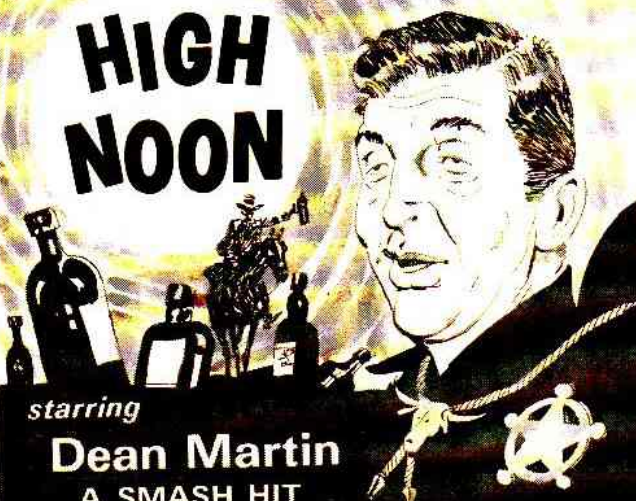
## A Night to Remember

Starring  
Sophia Loren and Groucho Marx



Yes, a night that Sophia will never forget!—  
As Groucho kisses her with a lit cigar  
in his mouth.

## HIGH NOON




starring  
**Dean Martin**  
A SMASH HIT

## Little Lord Fauntleroy

with  
**Jack E.  
Leonard**

"The most obnoxious  
portrayal of his career"  
... *Post*





**RONALD REAGAN and GEORGE MURPHY**

*in*  
**ROAD TO UTOPIA**

WITH THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA AT  
BERKELEY GLEE  
CLUB...

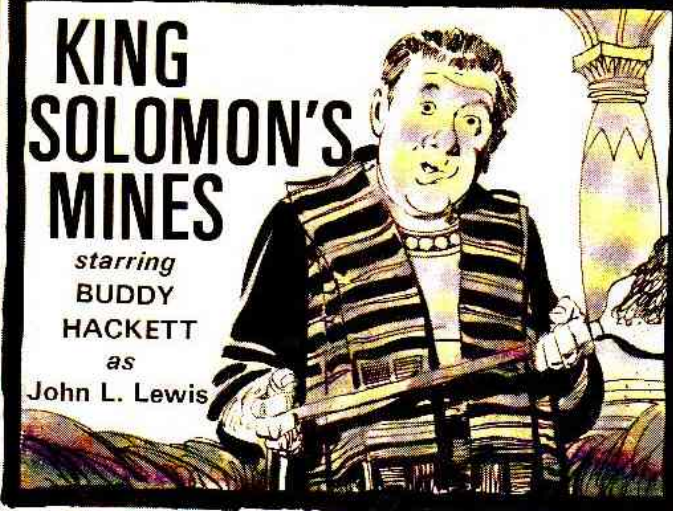
THE JOHN BIRCH  
MARCHING  
SOCIETY  
AND STUDENT  
CONSERVATORY  
BAND...

Hear Mayor Sam  
Yorty singing  
"WATT'S NEW".



**KING  
SOLOMON'S  
MINES**

*starring*  
**BUDDY  
HACKETT**  
*as*  
John L. Lewis



**Mia  
FARROW**

**Bobby  
DARIN**



*in*  
**GONE WITH THE WIND**

THE STORY OF A VACUUM CLEANER

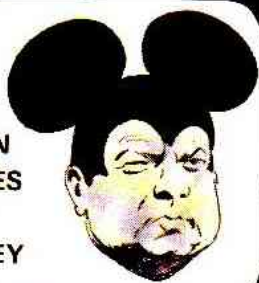
Salesman Darin tries to sell Mia Farrow a  
vacuum, but she gives him the brush!

**OF MICE AND MEN**  
*on* **The LATE SHOW**

PRODUCED BY  
THE LATE WALT DISNEY



WITH  
ORSON  
WELLES  
AS  
MICKEY



**CLEOPATRA**

DORIS DAY *as* CLEO

DON KNOTTS *as* ANTONY and

HENNY YOUNGMAN *as* JULIUS

Doris re-writes history when she rejects  
Mark Antony's advances. Says Doris: "He got  
vile on the Nile!"



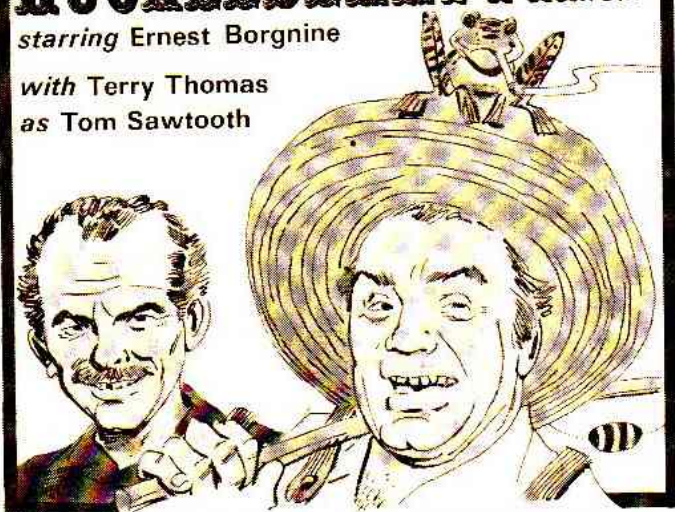


Ernest "Marty" Borgnine finally knows what he's doing tonight  
—he's whitewashing Tom Sawyer's fence!

# HUCKLEBERRY FINN

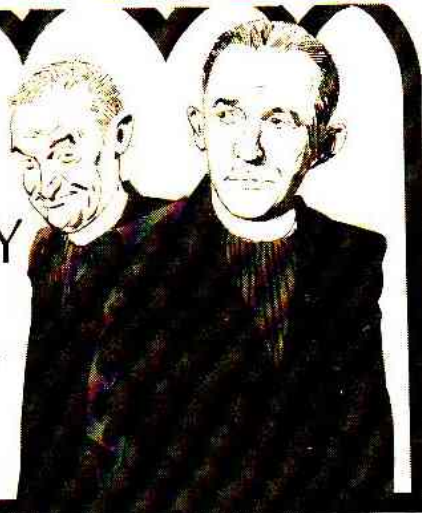
starring Ernest Borgnine

with Terry Thomas  
as Tom Sawtooth



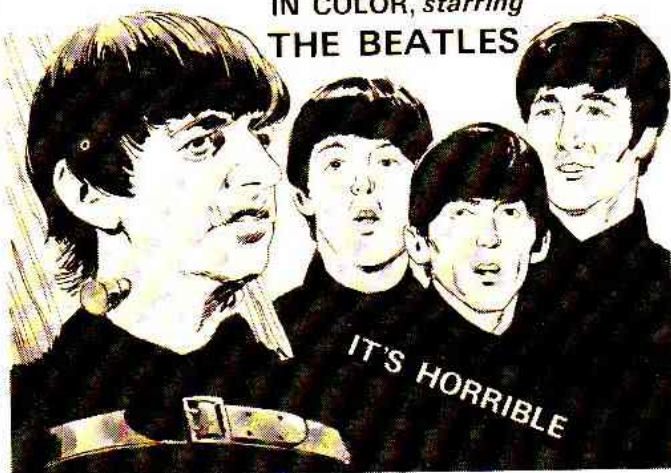
# NEVER ON SUNDAY

with  
BING CROSBY  
and  
BARRY  
FITZGERALD



# FRANKENSTEIN

IN COLOR, starring  
THE BEATLES



Paul McCartney...George Harrison...  
John Lennon and Ringo Starr as The Monster

# Wally Cox as TARZAN

You can't tell Tarzan from Jane with-  
out a scorecard, as Wally knits the  
jungle vines into a sweater for  
Cheetah!

THE  
AMERICAN DENTAL  
ASSOCIATION  
PROUDLY PRESENTS

# Charlton Heston

AND THE  
GRADUATING CLASS  
OF THE  
MANHATTAN  
DENTAL COLLEGE in

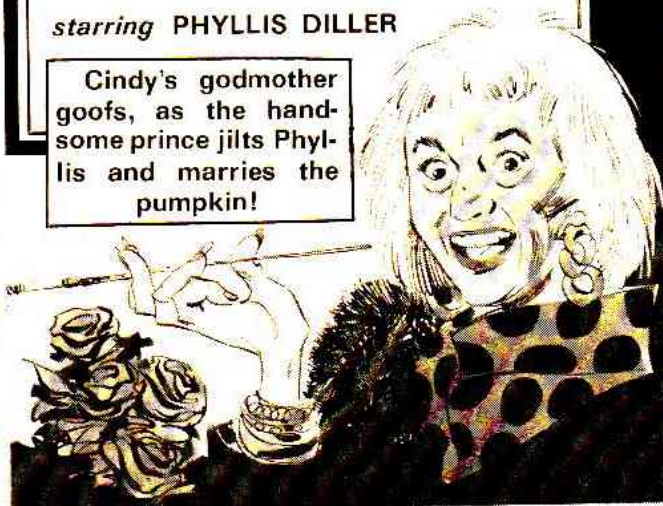


# A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

# CINDERELLA

starring PHYLLIS DILLER

Cindy's godmother  
goofs, as the hand-  
some prince jilts Phyl-  
lis and marries the  
pumpkin!







Please address all  
correspondence to:  
Sick Magazine  
32 West 22 Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Sirs:

That article entitled "Sick Joins A Motorpsycho Club" was grossly unfair to us 1% clubs. The story itself was accurate but you should know better on the illustrations. NOBODY (I repeat NOBODY) rides the machines you drew—including that (ugh) Harley Sprint on the upper left hand corner of page 11. It's choppers.



sporsters, and knuckleheads ONLY (an occasional fink slips in with a 650 BSA or Triumph or some other piece of scrap iron). Hogley-Davidson forever!

M.H. Brown  
President

Stormtroopers M.C.

P.S. Would you run the following under "Classified"? Nobody else will take our ads (even for money).

WANTED: Riot-loving, hell raising monsters for newly-formed motorcycle club. Smallest member is 6'1" and 220 lbs. Anyone 6'9" and 300 (or larger) gets free Harley. Send photo, height, and weight. Also can use girls with EXTENSIVE knowledge of first-aid. All riots guaranteed. M.H. Brown, Stormtroopers M.C., Oakland Calif. 94604

P.P.S. Would give street address but last time we got public (giving out street address of our club) some yo-yo threw a bomb in the front door. The neighbors got very upset (we were in

a flat) and hired a lawyer to get us out.

*Ed: It's nice to hear from good, solid citizens like you guys.*

Dear Sir,

To begin with, I like "Sick" O.K. You get my hard-earned thirty cents every month, so that's all I have to say to you.

I would now like to answer one P.G. Harrison of New South Wales, Australia.

Hi, P.G. Read your letter the other day and know what? You're slightly confused!

You started your very shallow letter by answering Peter Walbridge who said that if you're so smart, how come you don't rule us? This statement was a little weird, but you had no cause to reply to it the way you did.

If you don't like our television shows, then for heaven's sake don't buy them, or don't you have talent enough down under to make your own? WE are not forcing them on you.

We don't want to rule any country either. We would just like to stop Communism. If we wait too long it will be Hitler all over again.

So you don't want to get caught in a country with nervous American soldiers eh? Well did it ever occur to you that if not for nervous American soldiers you would be speaking Japanese now? Americans are lying in muddy graves to keep you free, not to rule anybody.

Man, you make it sound like America is the worst country in the world. Well you better watch your mouth buddy, before some Katoomba throws a Boomerang at your outback.

Bill Costa  
Newport, R. I.

P.S. Wanna be my pen-pal?

*Ed: We doubt it.*

Dear Sick,

I am writing to apologize for "Skeet" Norris and his associates. All

Australians aren't like that, only the ones that come from Queensland. Victoria and N.S.W. have it way above them. So for these idiots who haven't the mental capacity to understand you, I again apologize.

Tony Morrison  
Geelong Road, Mt. Helen  
Ballarat,  
Victoria, Australia

*Ed: Extremely gracious of you, old chap.*

### An Open Letter To Patriotic Americans

The foreigners that say we AMERICANS are unsophisticated are really the ones that are unsophisticated. This is caused by a psychosomatic projection because of inferiority complexes (in the case of the Australians, to free themselves from entire British influence such as we did some 131 years ago) so there is a feeling of jealousy causing their troubles. In the case of the Mexicans it is their inability to gain and keep the state of Texas. This and Americans' progress disrupts their national joy and pride. Above all, keep your respect for our foreign neighbors or next time they have a war they will not invite us.

Raymond Cahill  
321 E. Main St.  
DuQuoin, Ill.

*Ed: Next time you have an open letter, stick it on your bulletin board.*

Dear Editor,

Your March #51 issue really moved me. So much that I decided to write a poem to express my deep emotional thoughts about your fab magazine.

After reading your Sick Magazine;  
I felt like a sunken submarine;  
When I finished reading your  
article "Get Dumb";  
I bit off my thumb;  
So much I have but fingers four;  
Hurry up and write some more.

James M. Douglas Jr.  
280 N. Beacon Street,  
Brighton, Massachusetts 02135

*Ed: Beautiful, Jim baby! Beautiful!*

Dear Sirs,

If all the people in the world had the same attitude the editors of SICK had we would have one big, happy, sick family!

Ruben Valdez  
2002 Midlane  
Houston, Texas

*Ed: That's our aim—to sicken the whole world.*



What will tomorrow's fashions be like? What will today's fashions be like tomorrow if you don't have them cleaned and pressed? What will you be like tomorrow if you don't stop carousing? Are there any more at home like you?

A glimpse into the future which might help answer the above questions is herewith offered by SICK, a fore-runner (we used to be five-runners but they caught us) of fashion.

SICK'S editors are years ahead of their time. They recently received the Rudy Burneich Ahead-of-Their-Time award for designing star-spangled button-down Jockey Shorts.

# FUTURE FASHIONS REVISITED



**THE TALL GENERATION**—Tomorrow's female teen-agers will average 6-feet-2 inches in their shocking feet. The males will measure in at 6-feet-5 inches, soaking wet, a habit we're trying to cure right now. Because of the great height, helmets will be needed to protect skulls against the constant whacks of doorways, elevator shafts and wine cellars. The boy is wearing the new Mark VI model, featuring face mask, noseguard and a pocket for stuffing cotton candy. The girl is wearing the ultra-chic Harriet Hipster Cranium Coddler, to keep her brains from being softened to death. In this case, unfortunately, it's too late.



**TOMORROW'S HUNTER**—Whether you plan to be a Big Game Hunter or a Big Dame Hunter, this outfit will stand you in good stead. (Goodstead is a small town outside Wilkes-Barre). Note portable cooking stove which space hunter carries on back, so he can catch, pluck, roast and eat quarry in a single process. The stove is good for cooking hawks, falcons, pigeons, hummingbirds, four and twenty blackbirds, which is fine if you've got a pocketful of rye to wash it down. Shoes, made of unborn chin strap, guarantee a soft landing every time—if you land in quicksand.

Art by  
Bob Taylor

Script by  
Bill Majeski

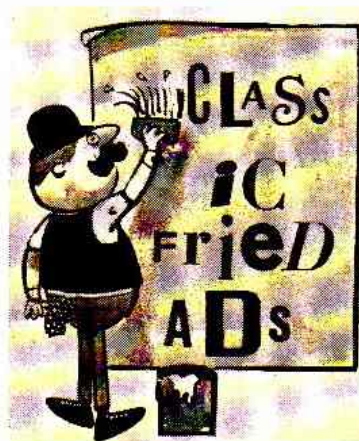
**SOLDIER OF THE FUTURE**—This soldier of the future is an exact model of the Norwegian soldier of today. Gun shoots only carbohydrates and victims get caloric to death. Ammunition belt includes portable life preserver, deck of pinochle cards, a coin changer, a mess kit, chocolate bar carrying case, and a partridge in a pear tree. Strapped to his waist also is the newly devised radish gun - a 22 repeater. The hat is a soft weave, wash-and-wear outfit used by frogmen who wash as they wear everything. Price of entire model—\$345.65, with the old one.





## BELLY BUTTON MUFF—

Designed to keep ice cream out of your navel. It comes with a plastic carrying sack designed to keep belly button muffs out of your ice cream cone. Girl's bikinis have changed, you'll notice. The future model is designed to protect against high winds and low fellows. But women will be wearing the same thing in bras. Price of both outfits—\$34.75, French Fries, 25 cents extra.



I am starting a new magazine for comic fans of America. It will feature articles on your favorite heroes. It will also feature a section of advertising where you will be able to advertise any old thing you want to sell at the price of three cents a word. So send for your membership advertising rates. Mr. Charlie Perkins, 12 Gray Garden East, Cambridge, Mass.

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION! Do you have a personal problem you can't solve? Or are the answers you get not always what you want to hear? Well dearie, just write to your Aunt Gertie. She may not solve your problems, but she'll tell you what you want to hear. I would prefer male problems, they're more interesting. Gertie, 5300 12th Ave. Moline Ill.

## PEN PALS

Wanted: Pen pals from anywhere. Male or female, who cares? Pretty or ugly; handsome or homely. Age: 12 to 16 I am 14, with blonde hair, blue eyes. Will answer all letters. I am *exceedingly* ugly. Gus Funnell, 375 River Street, Gananoque, Ont. Can.

17 year old brunette, 5'8", brown eyes, would like goodlooking penpals. Interests are skiing, swimming, dancing, cars, and writing letters. Would prefer older boys. Londa Williams, Box 371, Worland, Wyoming 82401.

Boy 15 wants a tuff good looking girl. Blonde or Brown hair, good shape and a lot of curls. I have brown hair and brown eyes. Send a good picture. Something worth looking at. Nick Arron Jr., 308 3rd Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

I am a boy 16 years old. Likes Peter, Paul, and Mary, Beatles, Blues Project, Mitch Ryder, Dylan, guitars, folk music and wants to be a D.S. and live in Greenwich Village for a year. Dig Murray the K. Likes almost everything! Dislikes almost nothing! Send a picture with letter, if possible. Will answer all! All happening people write to: Andy Semon, 526 Stillman St., Bridgeport, Conn. 06608.

I would like a girl pen pal 18 or older. Write telling your likes and dislikes along with a picture of yourself. I will try to answer all. Clayton Giles, Box 62 RD#1, Clarksville, Pa.

Girl pen pal wanted: I go to Weehawken High School, am 16 yrs., 5'11", dark brown hair, intelligent, pretty good looking, love football, girls, baseball, girls, and everything involving fun. I would like a girl with long brown hair but if she's cute with enough curves then I'll take blondes too. Richard Reale, 106 Jefferson Street, Weehawken, N.J. 07087.

"I'd luv to correspond with gurlz an' guys, 'bout 13 an' up. I'm almost 14 yrs old. I like: David Mac Callum (Illya), Beatniks, ears, music, wild parties, surf, boys, teen things, dancing, mod au' sharp clothes, rails, cycles, slang, The Monkees, Paul Revere au' the Raiders, sports and "love!" I'll answer all'a letters, I promise! I'm a cute au' wild "Carioca" girl, with a really sharp tan; long brown hair, an' expressive light brown eyes. Maria Lucia Carvalho, Fonte Da Saudade, 191 Lagoa, Rio de Janeiro, Guanabara, Brazil.

I am 18, have dark hair, blue eyes, 6'2" with medium build. I like Dylan, Donovan, and the "Fugs". Cars are a gas. Will answer all letters. Pictures will help. Hank (the Shank) Shannon, 96 Passaic Ave., Stawthorne, N.J. 07506.

How 'bout fixing me up with a swinging chick. Must be hip!!! Blonde if possible, 17 or 18. Must have a few curves. Please include picture with letter. Jeffrey Moore, 405 Church Street, Sepenses, W. Va.

I'm 15, 5'6" tall, have long, brown hair, and green eyes. I love Dylan, Byrds, Yardbirds, Blues Magoos, Rolling Stones and Mod clothes. I especially love boys with long hair. I would like boys with medium to extremely long hair to write to me. Lesa McGahey, 339 Boulevard, Passaic, N.J.

Up for Grabs—5'10", dark blonde-haired 17 year old guy, with strong resemblance to Michael "Alfie Caine". I play dreams in my own group, write lyrics to songs. Will write to girls 14-16, blonde or brown hair (long if you've got it) preferred. I'm psyched over green eyes. Will answer all mail, send photo. Like Dylan Stones, D.C. 5, curvy broads. SHAYNE "Cowboy" Dennis, Apt. 2A, 150-24 75 Avenue, Flushing, N.Y. 11367

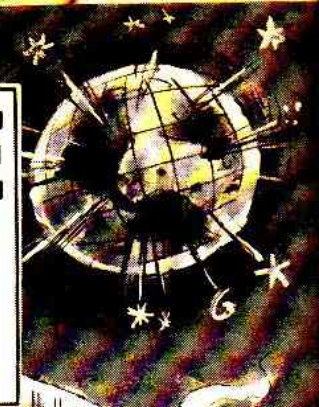
A boy, fifteen years old would like to write to penpals from all over. Girls must be cute and curvy and around my age. Boys should not be cute and curvy, but they should be around my age. Please send a picture. I am interested in almost anything. Write to Dennis Lein, 890-10th Ave. Northeast, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada."

A freshman in college and an admirer of all the truly Fine things of life suchas: Bob Dylan, Beach Bunnies, Snow Bunnies, Surfing, and all the fun things in life would really love to have some of the fair gender correspond with him. But please be plausible, I want someone of the proper age group, and please, only girls. Richard Carrol, 16801 Heritage Lane, Huntington Beach, Cal.

Lonely love "Sick" Marine in Vietnam would like to have a girl-type pen pal. Her age should be 17-20. Send picture to: Richard P. Small, 2153916, L/CPL. USMC, Force Logistic Support Group—B, Supply Co. Storage Sec., F.P.O. San Francisco, California, 96602.

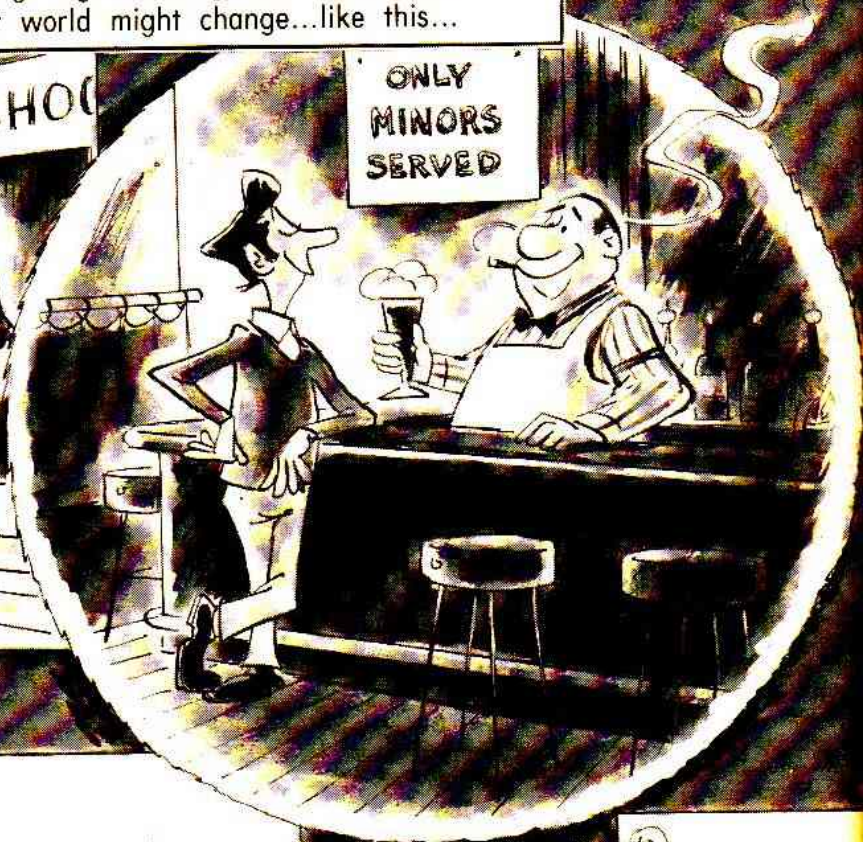
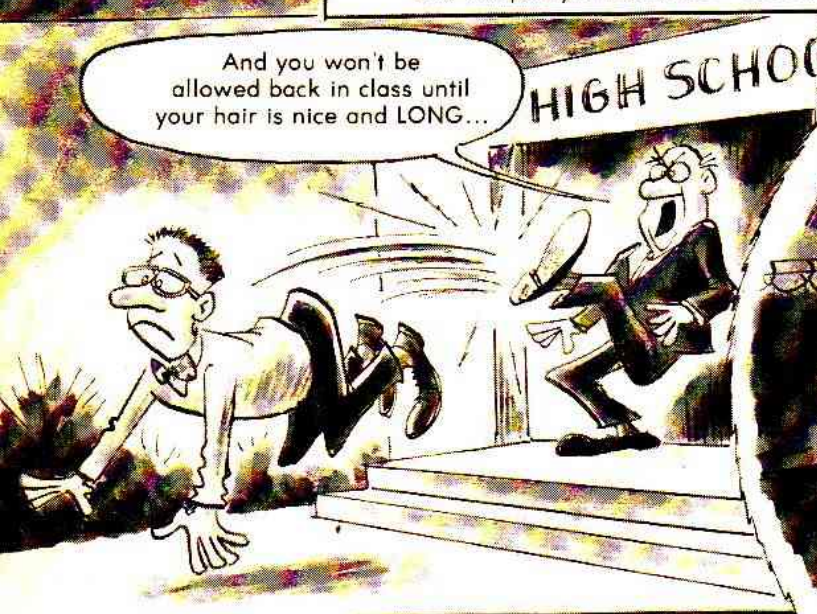
Correspond with interesting and "hip" people all over the international scene. Send in your snapshots. We will print them if they are suitable for reproduction. Only don't send any valuable snapshots as none can be returned.



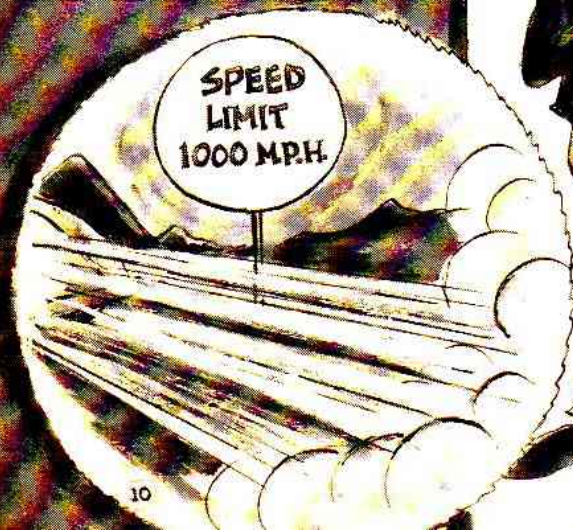


# IF TEENS COULD VOTE

Very soon over half the population will be 25 or under and, according to statistical projections, one day in the near future, TEEN-AGERS will be in the majority! Now, if recent proposals to give the vote to teen-agers goes through, and they are in the majority...well...our world might change...like this...



A GUARANTEED ANNUAL ALLOWANCE





DRAFT BOARD



INDUCTION CENTER



MORE  
ATTRACTIVE  
POLICE  
UNIFORMS



And the court  
orders you to  
DOUBLE your son's  
allowance...



So? You think those  
kids are making too much  
noise, do you?



B. Wiseman

PROPER POLICE BEHAVIOR



SEX  
EDUCATION

DO NOT  
DISTURB

MATH  
6-3

Now, if you buy  
a six-pack of beer  
and drink three cans...

ANATOMY

And so, as you can see, the  
anterior sacroiliac ligament  
has elasticity which allows the  
motions necessary in the Frug  
and Watusi...

Today we will  
examine what the  
Beatles do with all  
their money...

ECONOMICS

STUDENT  
COMPLAINT  
REVIEW  
BOARD

SENSIBLE  
GRADUATION  
ROBES

HISTORY

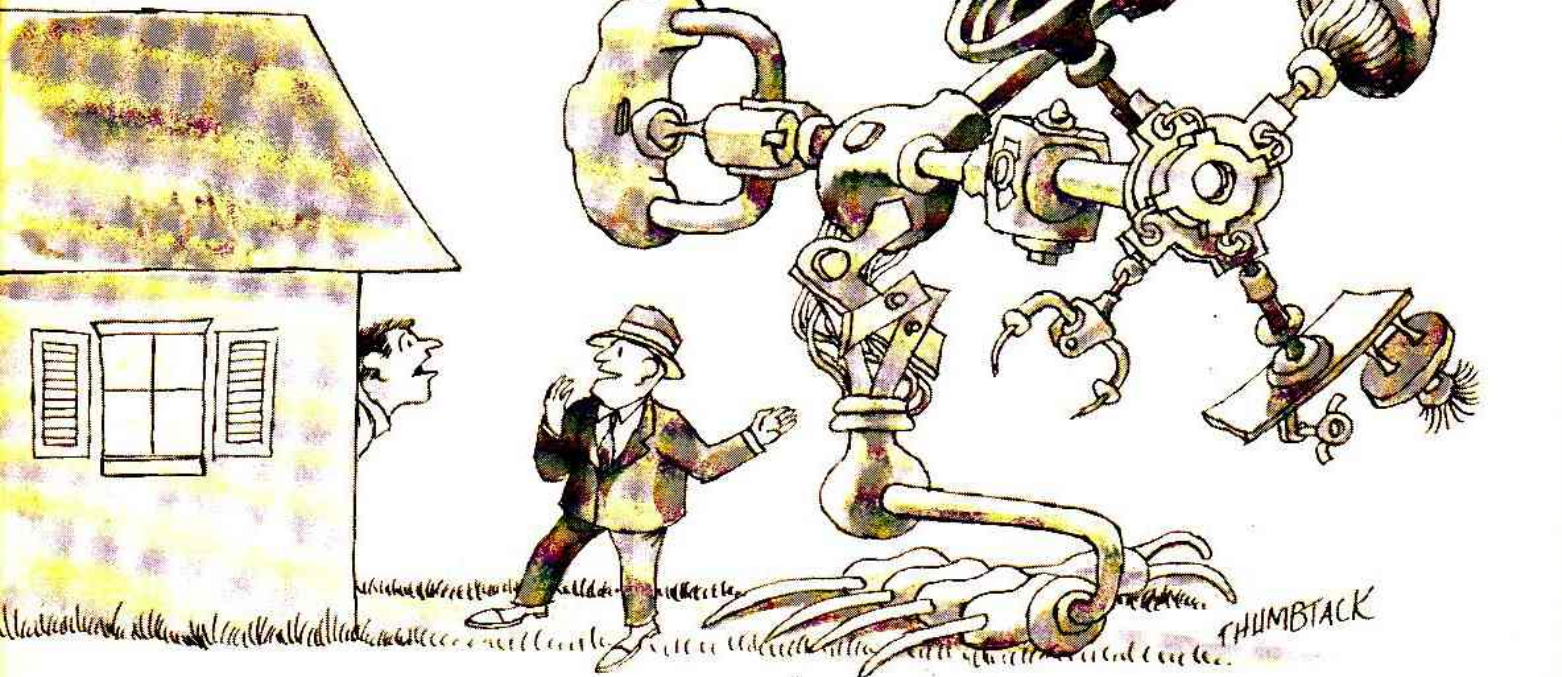
And so, as we  
consider the rise  
of rock and roll...



# THE MAD COMPUTERS

Our automated artist, the high-voltage Van Gogh known as **Thumbtack**, has come through with flying colors—these flying colors were painted on the mail plane of a robot postman who flew in with another batch of his computer-cartoons. The postman also delivered a special message, which was played on a tape located inside his navel: "Neither rain, nor snow, nor rust will stop me from my appointed rounds!" Man, that's devotion! They don't **build** mailmen like that anymore.

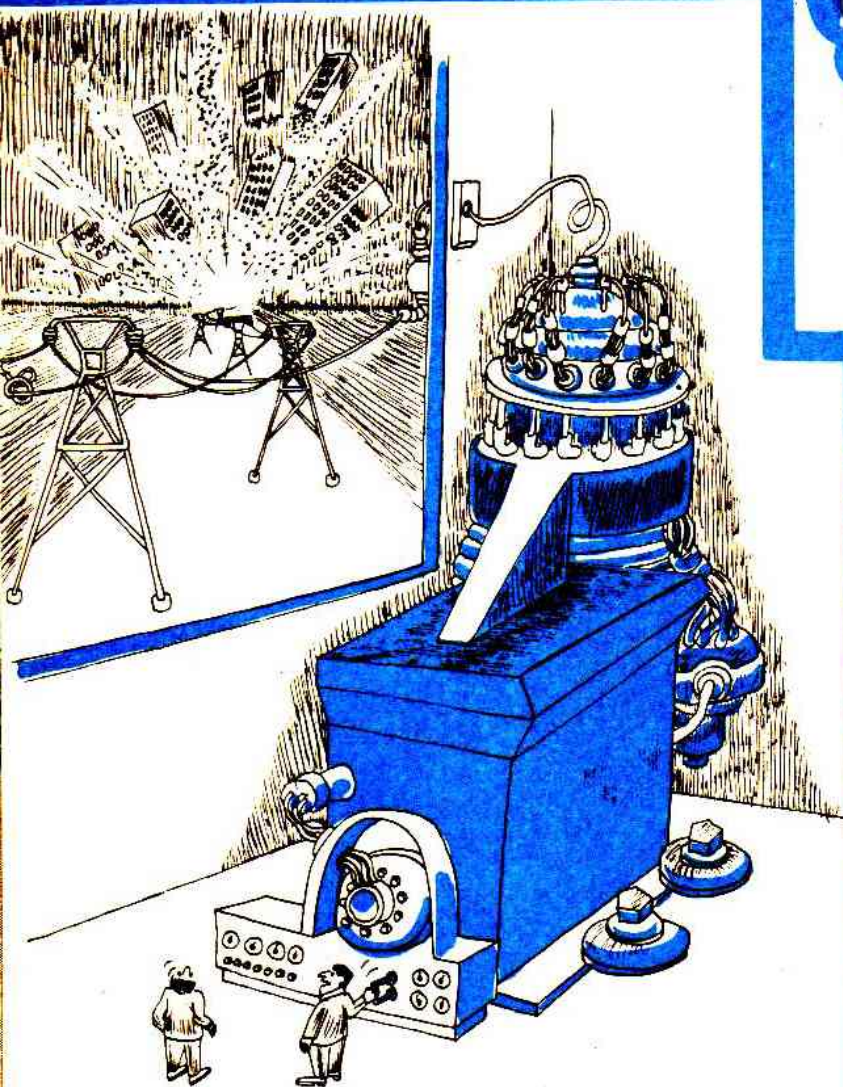
Along with his futuristic funny stuff, Thumbtack enclosed more material from his family album. And when this refugee from an I.B.M. assembly plant tells us that he is very "well-connected," he isn't bragging about his fancy family, he's merely proud of his wiring! And he isn't talking hip musician's lingo either, when he says that all of his relations are in a "solid state." It's just his way of saying that his mechanical kinfolk are completely transistorized!



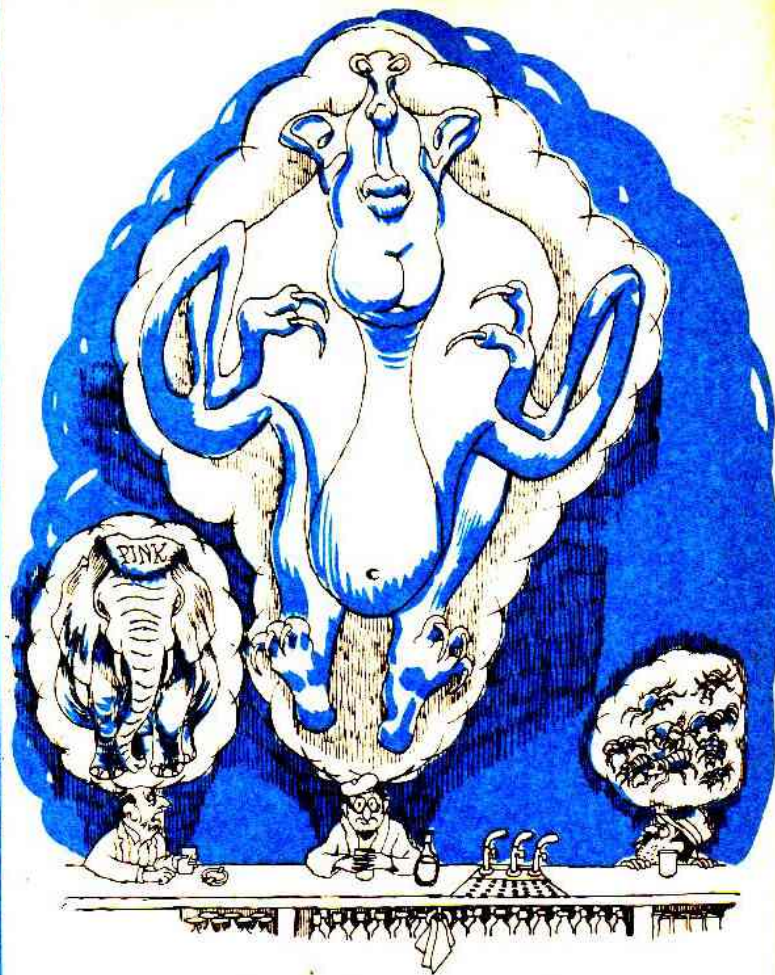
"No, thanks, I have one."



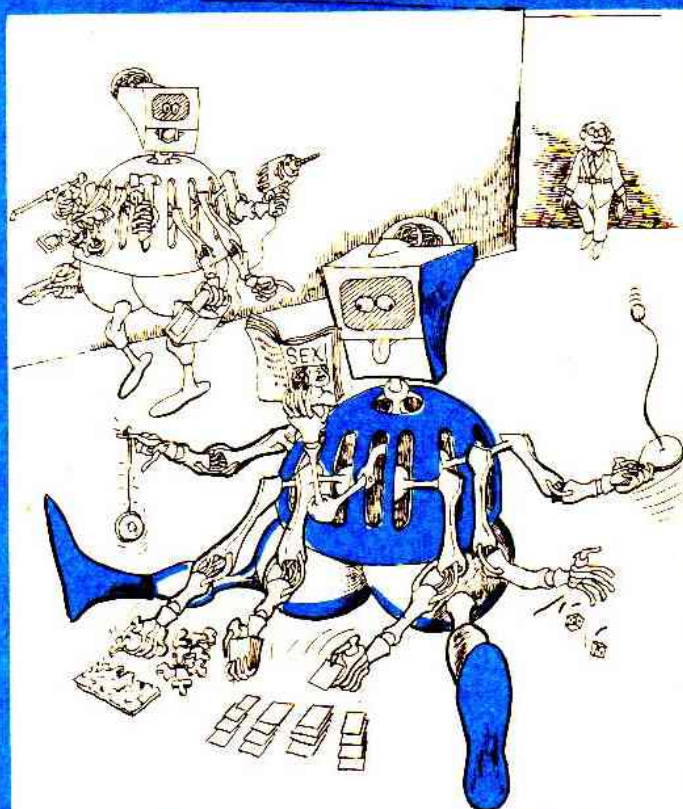
One of Thumbtack's buggy relations has been in the news of late, in connection with the wire-tapping controversy between Bobby Kennedy and J. Edgar Hoover. When they tried to get this mechanized spy to give evidence in D.C., his circuit completely fizzled out. It seems his current was only geared for A.C. One playboy member of our artist's family lost his job with Con Ed, after their private detectives did a bit of checking. They claim that the night of the big black-out, he was necking with a cute little tube and blew his main switch!



"There go one million utility rebates."



"No doubt about it, creative people suffer more."



"You'd better stop playing around. Here comes the boss."





"It's your only chance...Show no fear.  
Look him right in the eyes."



"Tell me, doctor, where did you  
put his brains?"



"Forget the egg, forget the project. Just turn  
off the incubator."



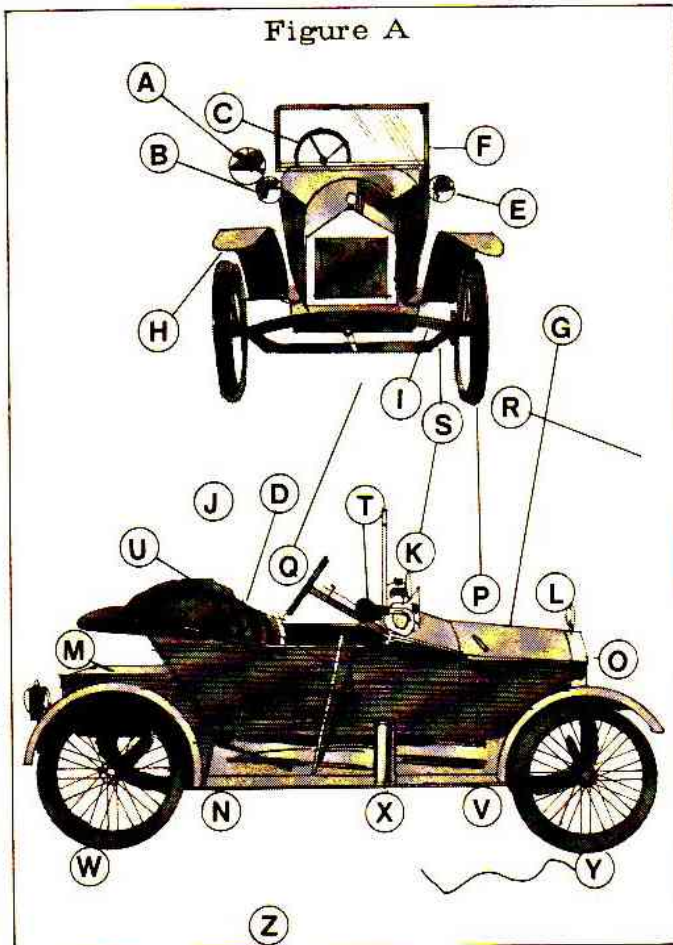
Art by The Professor  
Script by Fred Wolfe

ROD REBELLION SPECIAL

# How to Build Your Own **HOT ROD**

One of the fastest-growing hobbies among today's young adults is the art of car-customizing (or hot rodding). On almost every street in America, you can now see broken-down wrecks with wobbly steering-wheels, axles out of whack, and stripped-off fenders. Unfortunately these are not rue hot rods—these are the new cars that are waiting to be sent back to Detroit! A true hot rod looks something like the car shown below in Figure A, called "Yamamoto's Folly." This is a pre-Pearl Harbor Japanese copy of a Model T Ford, which turned out disastrously for them. They thought it was a copy of an American Sherman tank! At first glance, all the letters from A through Z look very impressive, but actually, they don't mean a thing. What happened was the photographer dropped his "Scrabble" set, just before he took the picture.

Figure A



Otis Clepfish

To help demonstrate the proper method for assembling your own custom job (hot rod), "Sick" has gone to great expense to get Otis Clepfish, senior editor of "Reckless Driving" magazine, and formerly connected with "Car and Accident," to give us the benefit of his long experience with cars, which dates back to the time when he was almost wiped out in the 1929 crash (between a "Stutz Bearcat" and his "Stanley Steamer!")

And here is a picture of Otis, a truly conscientious hot rodder, who firmly believes in being prepared for every possible contingency, as witness the many devices he carries for adjusting all the loose screws in his vehicle. And behind him, stands a group of equally dedicated psychiatrists, who have been trying for years, unsuccessfully, to tighten all the loose screws in Otis!

**Says Otis:** The hot rodder generally has two things on his mind when he works on his car: 1./Higher acceleration and top speed. 2./Women. To help out in these two areas, it's important to know about **stroking** and **clutching**. If you get a knee-high stick-shift, you will be able to do a lot of stroking... not only on your car, but on your girlfriend's knee. Advanced **clutching** usually comes into play, once you and your girl are parked. Next, comes the **engine**. Re-grinding the **camshafts** is the most common method used to increase an engine's breathing ability. It would also help, if you could get your engine to give up



cigarettes. The amount a valve leaves its seat when opened by its cam, is called **lift**. It's easy to give any engine extra lift, by making it wear a Maidenform Bra. But, don't ever try to lift an engine all by yourself, or you'll be going around wearing a Maidenform Truss. Now that you have digested this intricate business, on to the rocker arms. These have lift ratios ranging from 1.5 to 1 to 1.8 to 1. It is important not to let any of these ratios slip, or people will accuse you of being off your rocker! Next, come the valves. It is desirable to have the valve-shells wide open at all times, as this is the only possible way to extract the clams!

**Suspension:** This can be either leaf, torsion bar or coil springs. Most motorists seem to prefer the leaf suspension. Of course, those who want a slightly sexier hot rod, can always get fig-leaf suspension.

**The Stabilizer Bar:** Is the name of the bar where all the hot rod nuts hang out. There is also a stabilizer bar on your car, which is sometimes known as a swing bar—or swing or sway bar, for those who are old enough to remember Sammy Kaye.

**Shocks:** The action of the frame and axles must be controlled by shock absorbers. To get your car used to shocks, plaster your garage walls with cheese-cake pin-ups of Phyllis Diller.

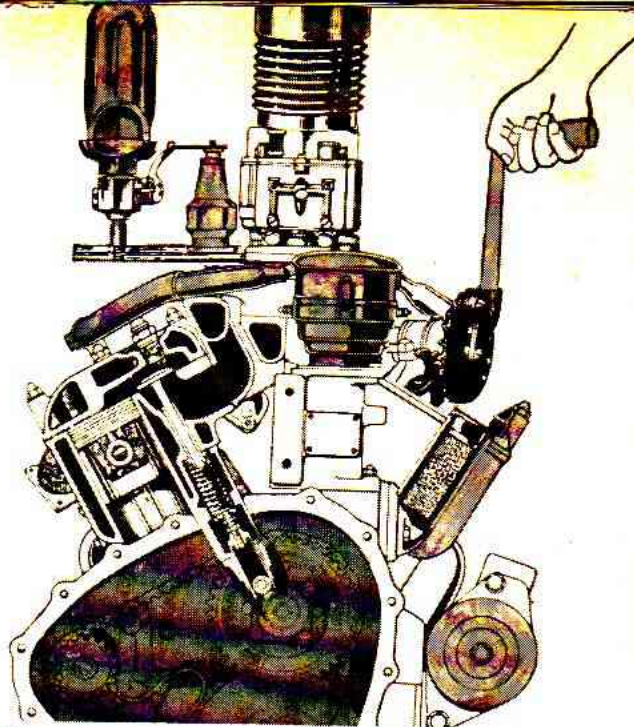
**Weight:** Weight-saving can be an important factor in a race. Therefore, the car must be devoid of all extraneous weight—such as a fat driver! Lightweight bucket seats can also be a help. Although this poses an additional problem, inasmuch as everybody has different size bucket!

**Brakes:** The ideal brakes for competition are the spot types now available. They are light in weight and do not "fade" due to heat. But, this is sissy stuff for the true dragster, who uses the old tried-and-true method of cutting a hole in the floorboard and letting his feet drag him to a stop.

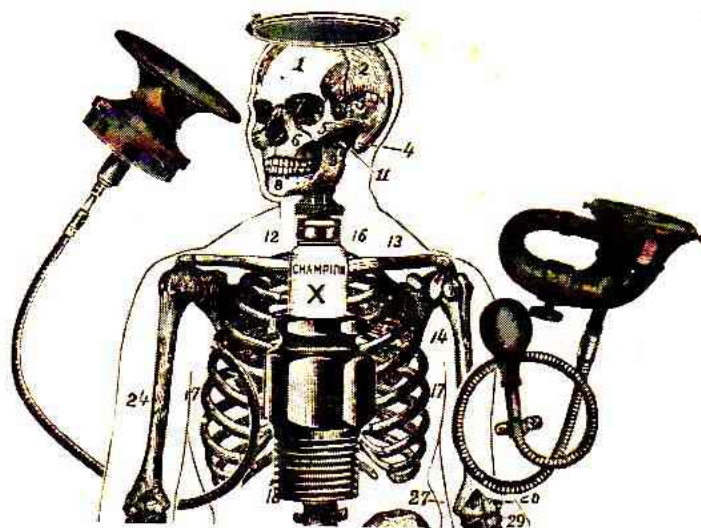
**Safety Devices:** are a necessity, and should include a sturdy roll bar (well stocked), a crash-helmet, padded dashboard, fire extinguisher and a heavy insurance policy. When applying for insurance, do not mention your interest in hot rodding—Let's just keep that our little secret, eh? Another emergency measure you can take, is to have your will drawn up in advance.

*Editor's Note:* Although Clepfish neglected to mention it, hot rodding has a definite tie-in with the President's Physical Fitness program, as it affords a great opportunity for healthy exercise—not for the hot rodder—for the pedestrians—who will be leaping like mad to get out of your way! On the following pages, Clepfish offers more Sick hints on putting together your do-it-yourself dragster.

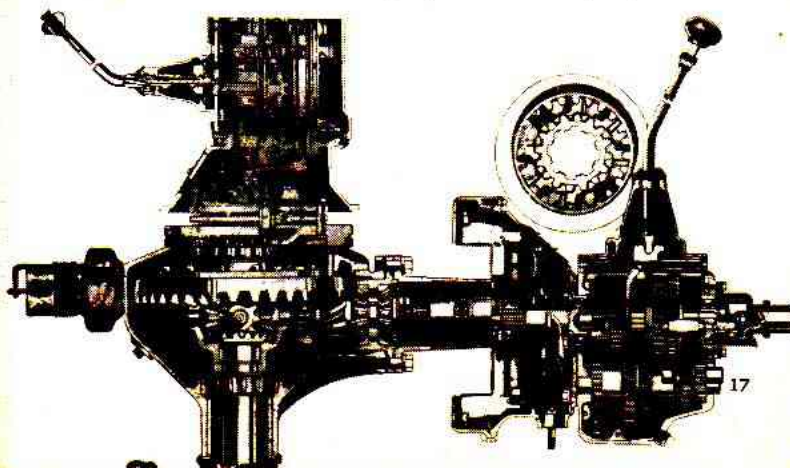
Most dragster enthusiasts prefer a **syncro-mesh shift**. At first glance, this may appear to be a cross-section view of two Evinrude outboard motors during the mating season. But, actually, they are all that remains of the shift mechanisms of a Shelby "Cobra" and a hopped-up Ferrari, after both the owners refused to chicken out from a head-on collision. Services will be held next Thursday!



This particular engine was designed to give top-notch performance. Those motor aficionados who thought this is an Italian job, are absolutely right. It's a cut-away shot of the first super-charged hand-organ used by a Sicilian immigrant. Monkey not shown.

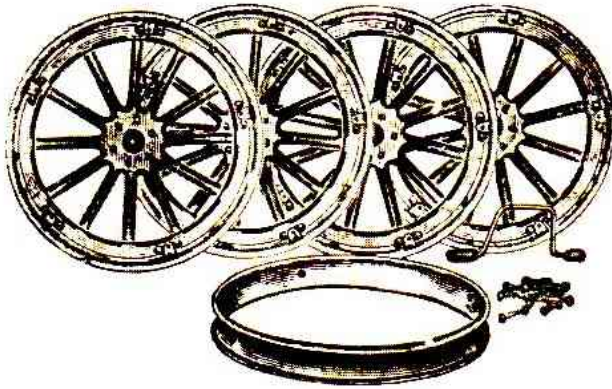


And now for an **inside picture of a typical hot-rodder**. Purists will notice the careful construction lavished on this particular model.—The head-bone firmly connected to the neck-bone; the neck-bone connected to the spine-bone and all the rest of that highly technical jazz!

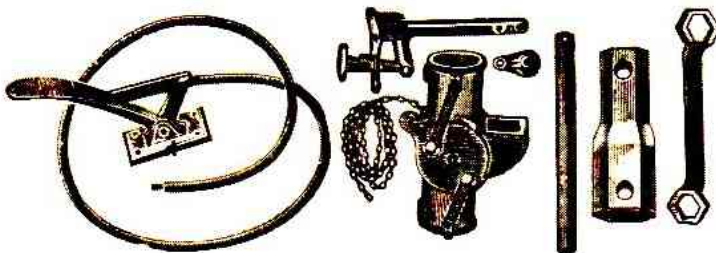




The first step in preparing your hot rod, is to remove the original body and strip it down to the bare frame. Even if you only succeed in stripping it down to the waist, you'll be the first kid in your neighborhood with a topless car! People living in big cities like New York have no trouble getting their cars completely stripped. They just leave them parked on the street overnight. (Comes the dawn, they usually find them in this condition).



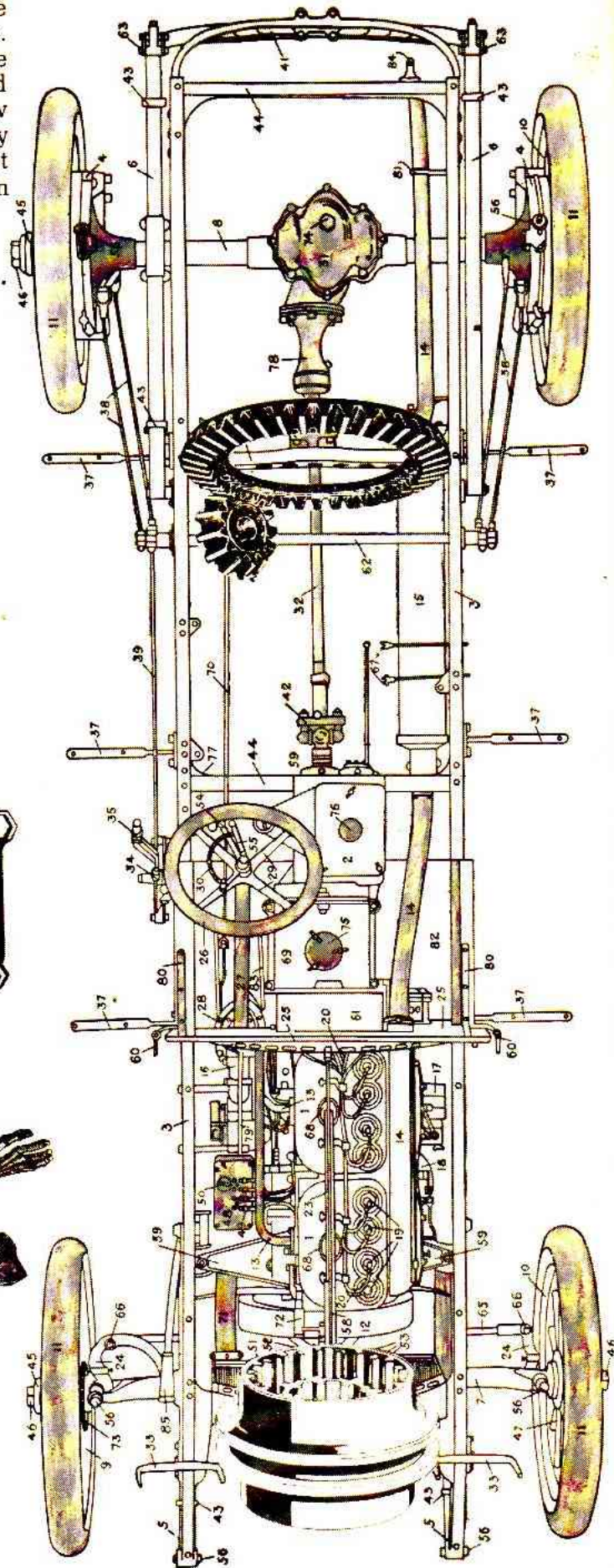
Special wheels for your hot rod may be obtained almost anywhere. In fact, these wooden doozies were copped from four different roulette tables in Las Vegas. The metal rim on the ground came from the car of a pursuing croupier, who lost it when he tossed the wheels thieves double or nothing.



These spare parts have nothing whatever to do with hot rods. They're just a few odds and ends left over from President Johnson's last operation.



Radiators must always be kept at the proper temperature. This can be accomplished by banging on it, to get the janitor's attention. This little item shown here is from the archives of the Police Museum. It's a radiator taken from the first hot rod, and part of the traffic cop who tried to stop him.

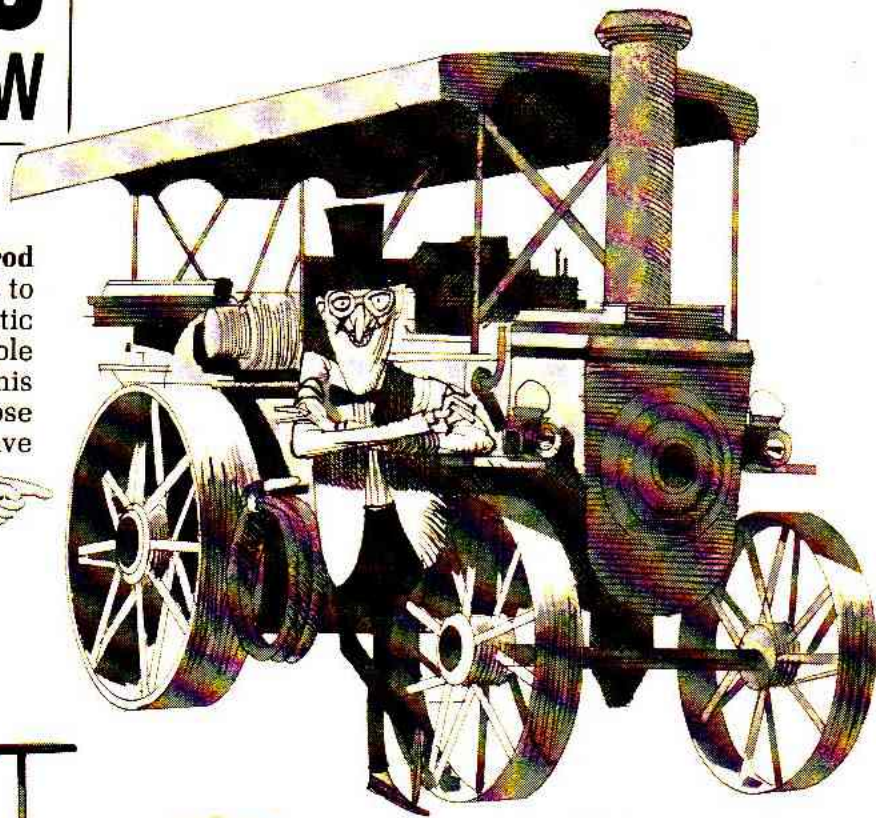




# HOT RODS

## FROM THEN TO NOW

This is it, readers! The very first hot rod as conceived by Konrad Klutch. Due to its smooth wheel surfaces and fantastic weight (eight tons) this baby was able to roll over all the opposition. This steam racer not only burnt up those early roads, it was also able to re-pave them!



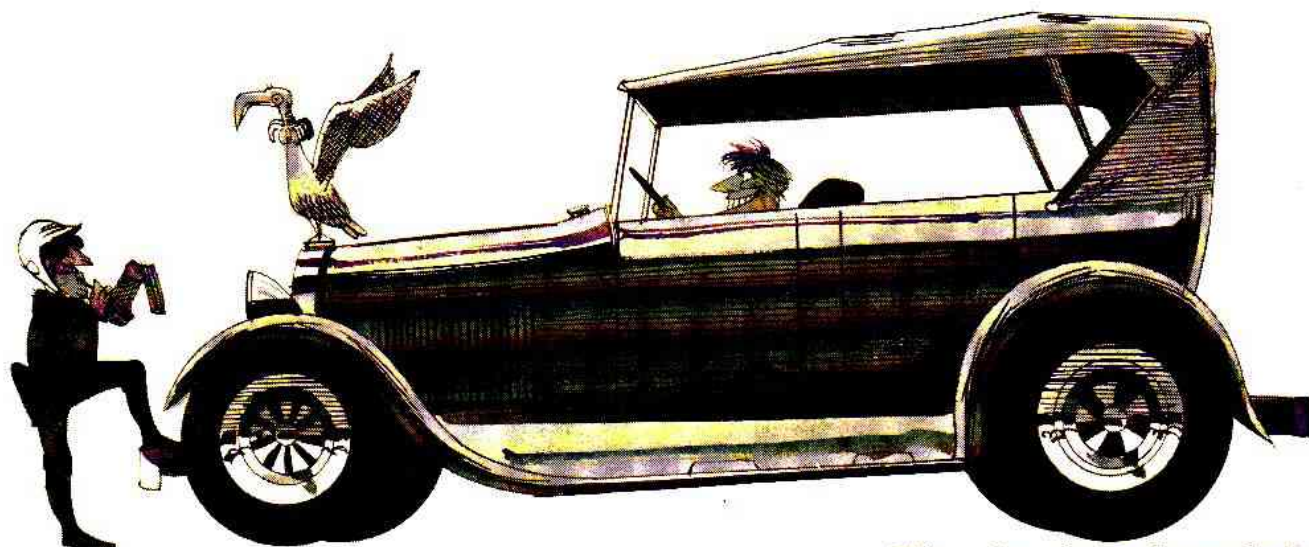
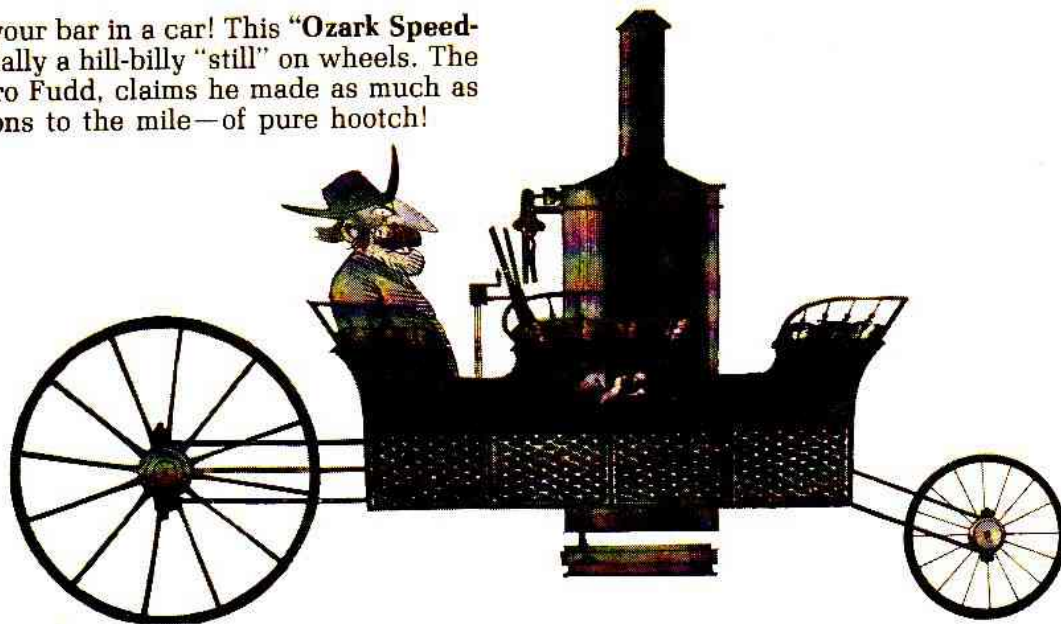
This "Furtak Electric" was a real motor-ing milestone. You can tell this little beauty had plenty of energy, by noting that both the driver and his dog are totally juiced! The only drawback to this early model, was you couldn't travel too far from home, as the electric cord kept popping out of the socket!



"Leapin' lizards, Sandy!" It's the first workable gas model—a genuine "Beanblower Special!" The jerky movement was due to this buggy's ultra-sensitive crank-case. If the gas mixture was too rich, the car would burp you to work!

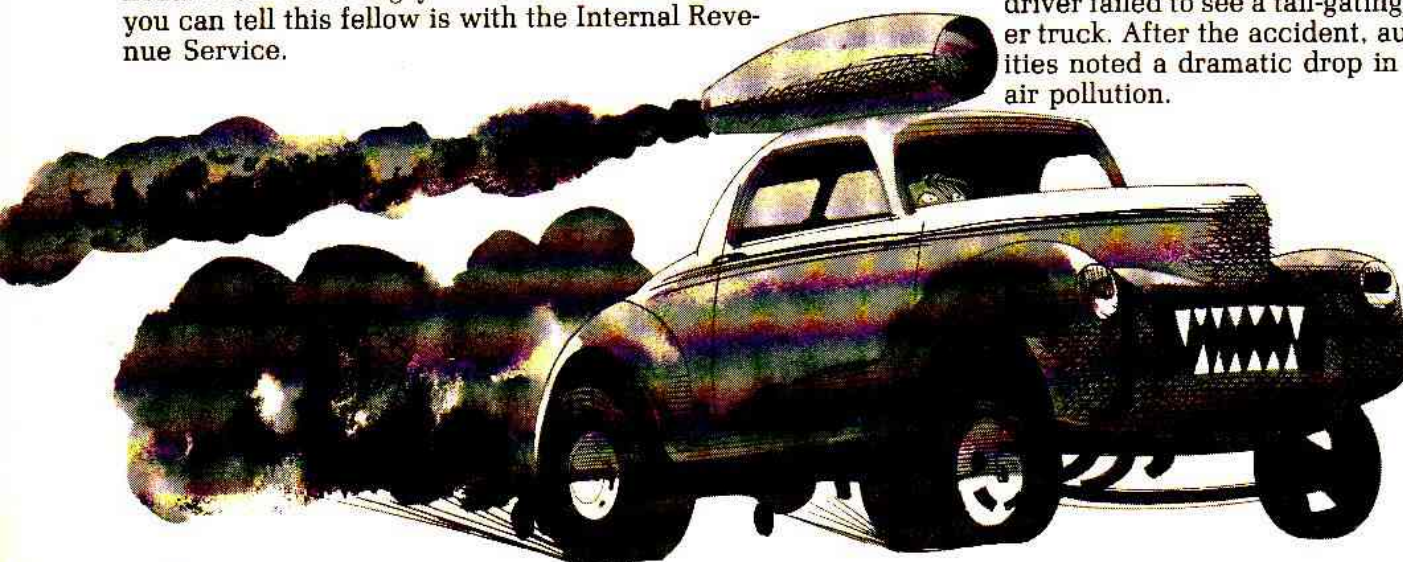


Talk about your bar in a car! This "Ozark Speedster" is actually a hill-billy "still" on wheels. The owner, Jethro Fudd, claims he made as much as twenty gallons to the mile—of pure hootch!



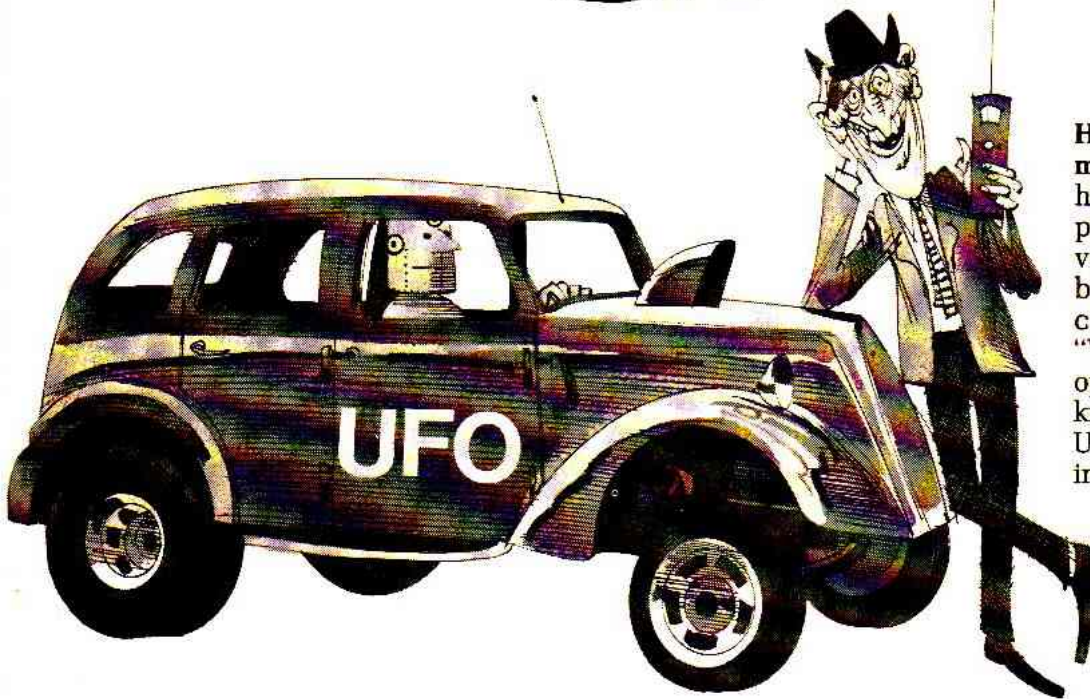
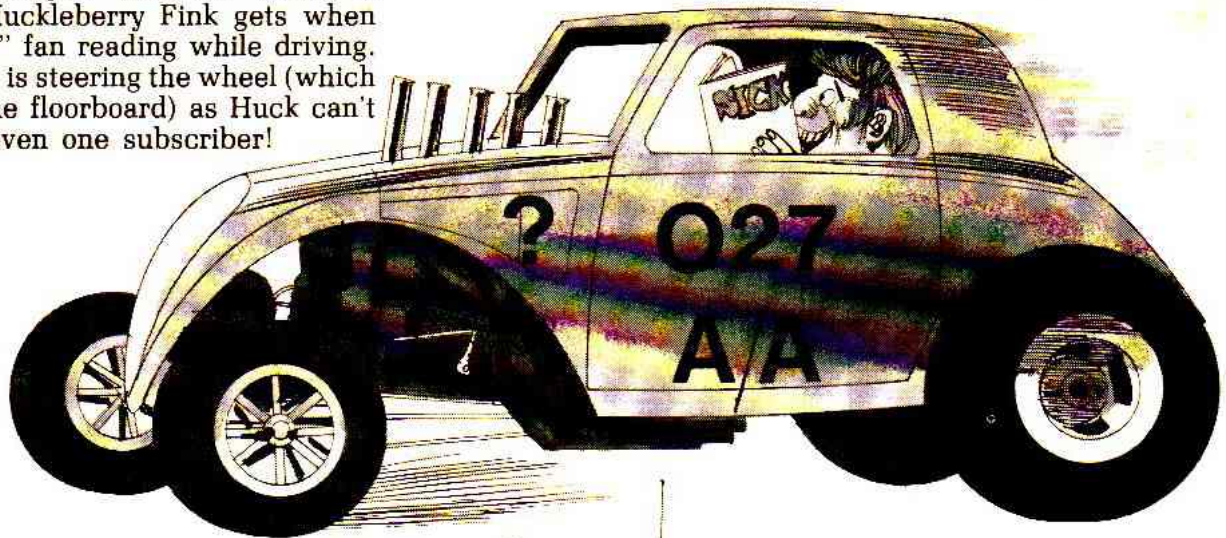
This double-sized '28 Ford Phaeton was restored by a government official who intended to whip together a midget racer, but let inflation go to his head. From the Hungry buzzard hood ornament, you can tell this fellow is with the Internal Revenue Service.

This unique hot rod was designed to outwit traffic cops, by setting up its own smoke-screen. Unfortunately, the smoke was so heavy, the driver failed to see a tail-gating trailer truck. After the accident, authorities noted a dramatic drop in local air pollution.



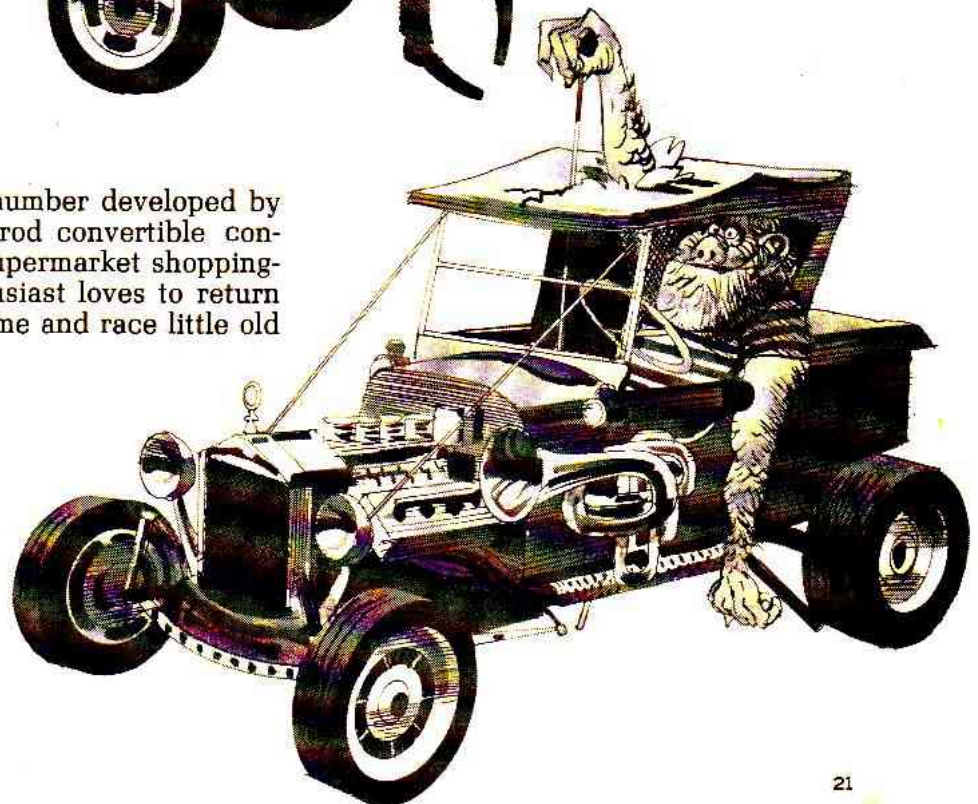


**This stripped-down hot rod** was made over from a 1938 "Willy's." And the willies is exactly what Huckleberry Fink gets when he sees a "Sick" fan reading while driving. That's why Fink is steering the wheel (which is located on the floorboard) as Huck can't afford to lose even one subscriber!



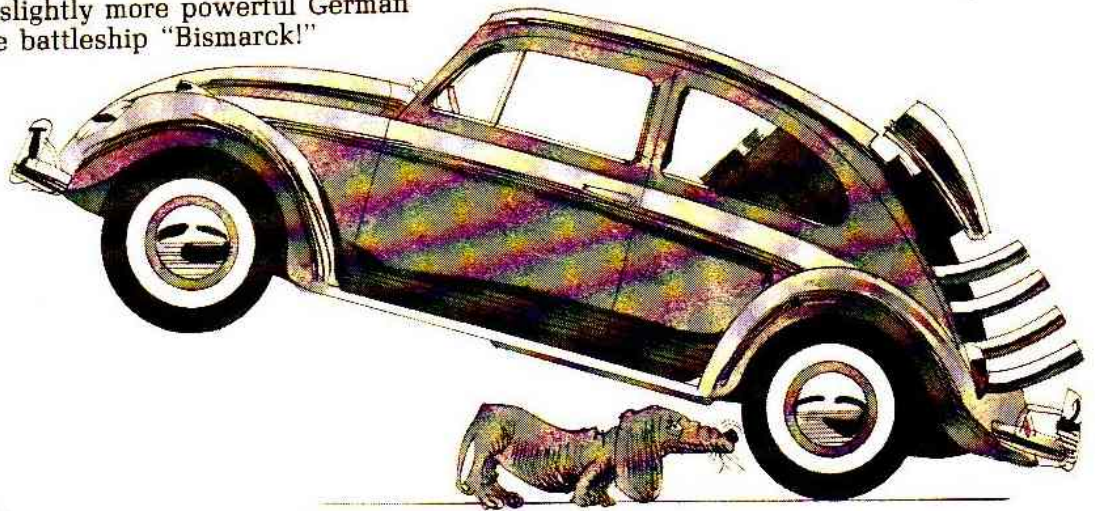
**Here's a modern electronic marvel.** This remote-control hot rod was developed by a practical joker, who also invented the flame-throwing robot at the controls. If a speed cop stopped it and asked: "Where's the fire?" The robot opened its mouth and let him know! (The U.F.O. stands for Ulysses Fenwick Outhaus, the inventor).

**Here's a sporty little number** developed by Clarence Crud; a hot rod convertible converted from a stolen supermarket shopping-cart. This speed enthusiast loves to return to the scene of his crime and race little old ladies up the aisle.





No, this **Volkswagen** isn't "Sieg-Heiling!" It's just that its owner over-did it a bit, by jazzing up his heap with a slightly more powerful German engine—from the battleship "Bismarck!"



Here's another **converted naval number**, put together from an old "Korvette"—Not the sports-car—but the small destroyer used in World War II. This hot "Kart" comes equipped with a complete set of depth-charges, guaranteed to stop all opposition dead in its tracks!

This is absolutely the last word in dragsters. The Pentagon's top-secret "**Kamikaze Hot Rod**," designed to be used **just once**, during World War III.



(More on page 38)





by Jim Atkins

The man now being hailed as the wittiest man in Congress is Senator Robert "don't call me Bobby" Kennedy.

While campaigning he told a group who carried signs "Bobby Kennedy For President": "I know somebody who isn't going to like that. Somebody in Washington. My younger brother, Ted, he isn't going to like that."

Senator RFK has been complaining about Jimmy Hoffa lately. He says the Teamsters are trying to organize his family.

When RFK speaks at colleges, he looks so young that sometimes people mistake him for a student. They never did that when he was in college.

Now that George Wallace's wife has been elected governor, Wallace is planning to run for president. He's getting lots of honors in Alabama as the spouse of the governor. The Ku Klux Klan has just named him mother of the year, just like that group in Harlem did.

Wallace gets a lot of bad publicity. Actually, he never did belong to the Klan. He grew up in South Alabama and few people there have clean sheets. In fact, it's the only place in America where the rich people riot in the streets.

George Q. Lewis, author of "The Greatest Jokes Of All Time and How to Tell Them," told me this one: A woman tells a friend: "Every night I see snakes and elephants." ... The friend says: "Did you see a doctor?" ... The woman: "No, just snakes and elephants."

And when I got to his ranch, he gave me the smallest spare-ribs, the coldest beans, and I hate to tell you what part of the turkey!

Here's another joke from Lewis' book: "What a hotel I went to for my vacation. The wind blew so hard the termites had to hold hands to keep the building from falling down."

Even with all this prepared food, women can get hurt in the kitchen. They used to get burned. My wife has frostbite.

Did you realize that if it weren't for 50 percent of the people, the other 50 percent would be all of them?

After I eat Chinese food, I'm usually not hungry for four or five hours—Ancient saying attributed to Geoff Smith...As Phyllis Diller came home covered with rice, her husband asked her if she'd been to a wedding. She said, no, a Chinaman threw up on her.

I was attacked by a razorback hog on the way to deliver this column. I really had a close shave.

A FEW ONE-LINERS ... I crossed a coconut with a banana and got a non-skid banana ... Chiang Kai-shek says that after he bombs mainland China he doesn't feel like bombing it again for four or five hours ... Henny Youngman says he knows a girl who thinks she's a robot just because she was made by a scientist.



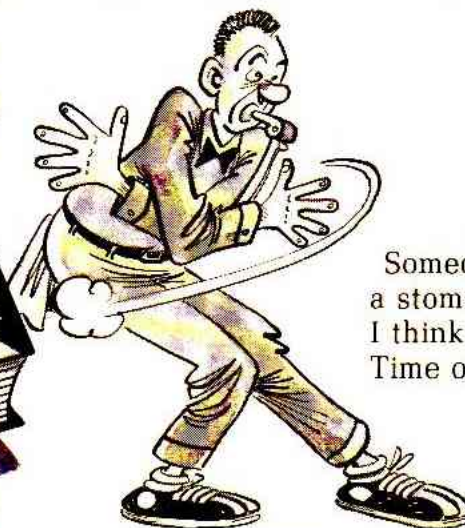
As a public service for all you red-blooded sports fans (blue blooded fans may use the Social Register) SICK is presenting this handy pocket-sized guide explaining signals made by basketball referees during the course of a game. For easy reference, clip this and paste it inside Madison Square Garden.

# INTERPRETING BASKETBALL REFEREES

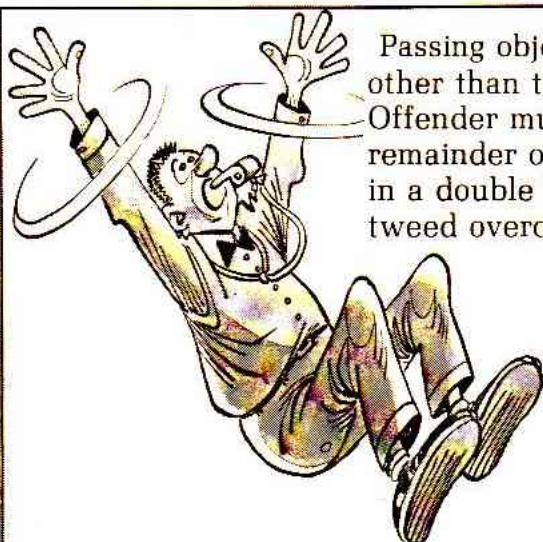


This means  
"Kicking below  
the belt."

Three shots penalty.



Someone has  
a stomach ache.  
I think it's me.  
Time out.



Passing object  
other than the ball.  
Offender must play  
remainder of game  
in a double breasted  
tweed overcoat.



Using a knife blade  
more than three inches  
in length.

Penalty:  
Entire squad must  
wear hip boots  
for balance of  
game.



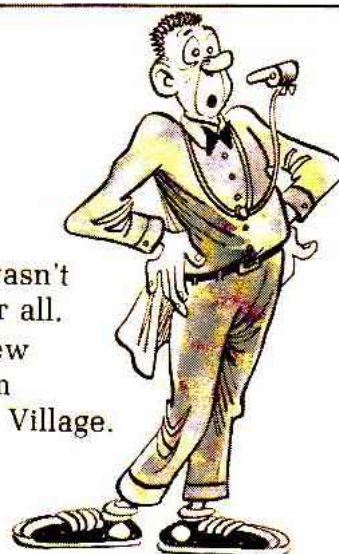


Script by Bill Majeski

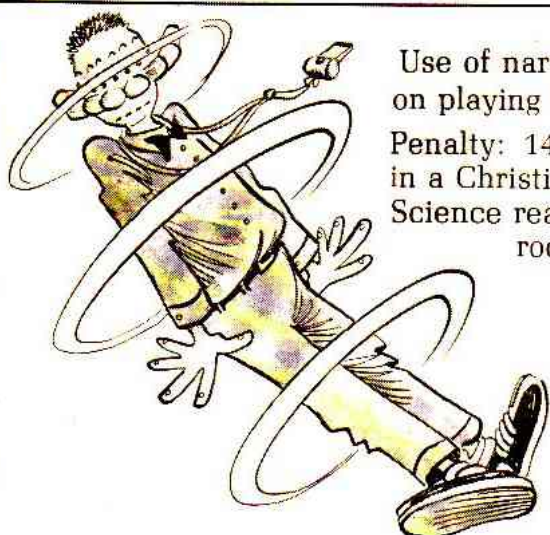
Art by Al Scaduto



I found a girl  
in that last scramble  
for the ball.  
If no one claims her  
in 10 minutes,  
she's mine.



Sorry. It wasn't  
a girl after all.  
It's that new  
rookie from  
Greenwich Village.



Use of narcotics  
on playing field —  
Penalty: 14 days  
in a Christian  
Science reading  
room.



Let's do that play  
over again.  
— The TV camera is out  
of film.



Located within the walls of Operation Tic Toc is a fantastic invention known as the Time Funnel.

Anyone who enters the Funnel will go into the past or future. This transition is known as the Time Transfer Process. While the travelers are on their journey, their exact location will appear on the front of the Time Funnel, called the Image Area.

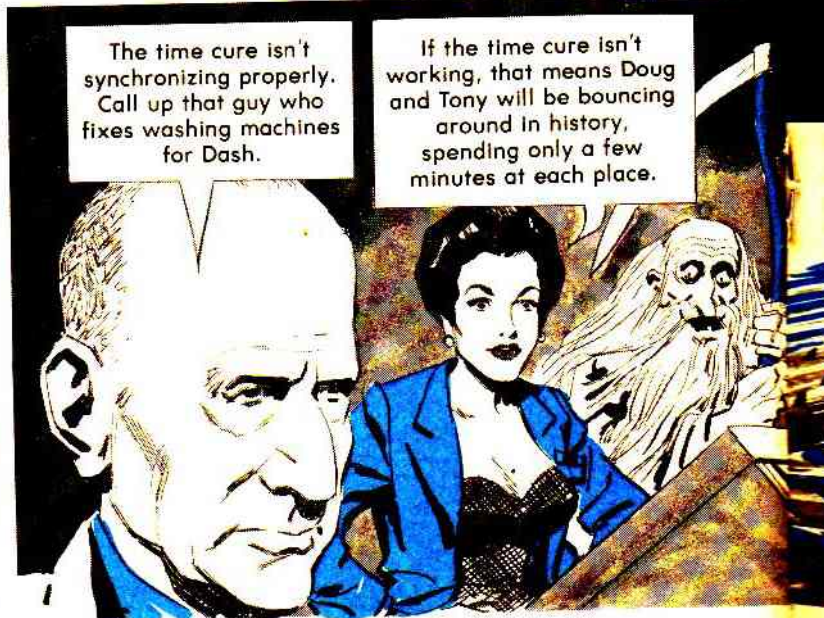
In charge of Operation Tic Toc is Dr. Raymond Swine, and his assistant, Anna Mac Beggor. She operates the Time Funnel.

Two scientists, Dr. Doug Fillups and Dr. Tony Boobman, have entered the funnel on a secret mission for the government. However, due to a malfunction in the time machine, the two men have not been returned to the present.



Art by Angelo Torres  
Script by Francis DiBacco

# The Time Funnel







Looks like we're having a little rain.

Yeah, it's probably just a shower.

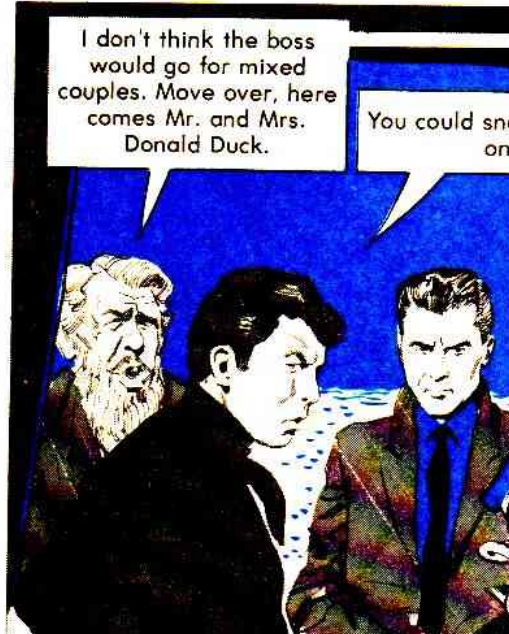
Hey, where are you guys going?

We heard the flood was coming so we want to get on the Ark.



I'm sorry, but the memo I sent around was for couples only.

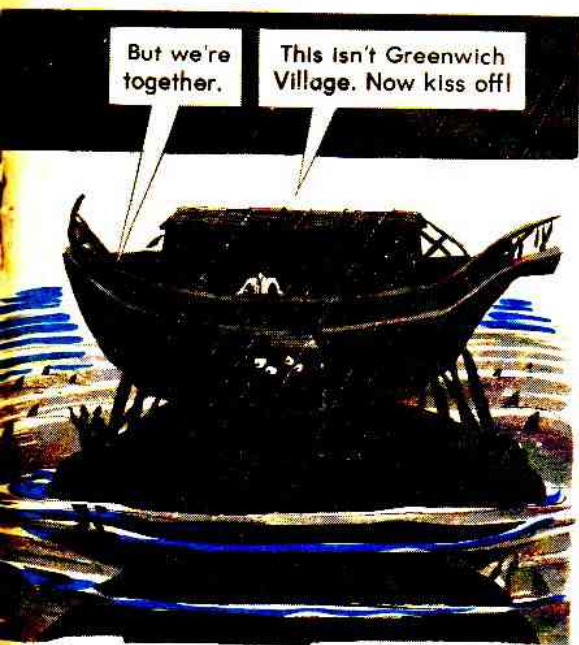
How about if we pick up two female gorillas?



I don't think the boss would go for mixed couples. Move over, here comes Mr. and Mrs. Donald Duck.

You could sneak us both on.

Couples only. Hello Yogi Bear, your date is a real knockout.

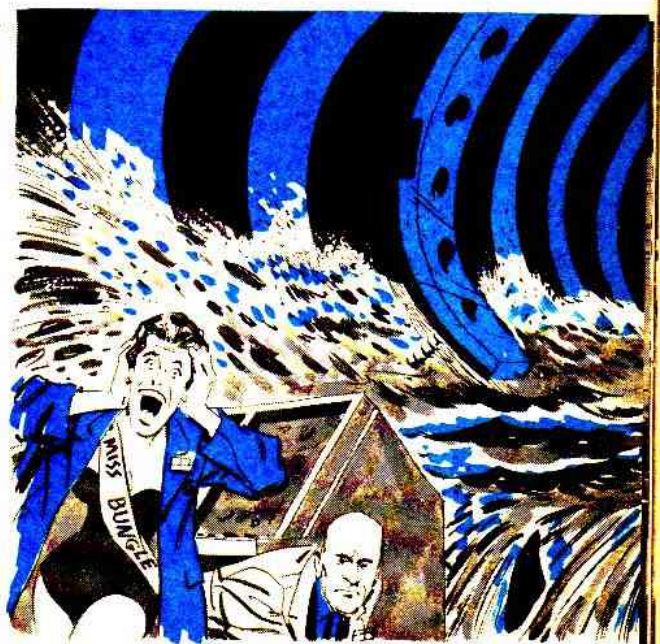


But we're together.

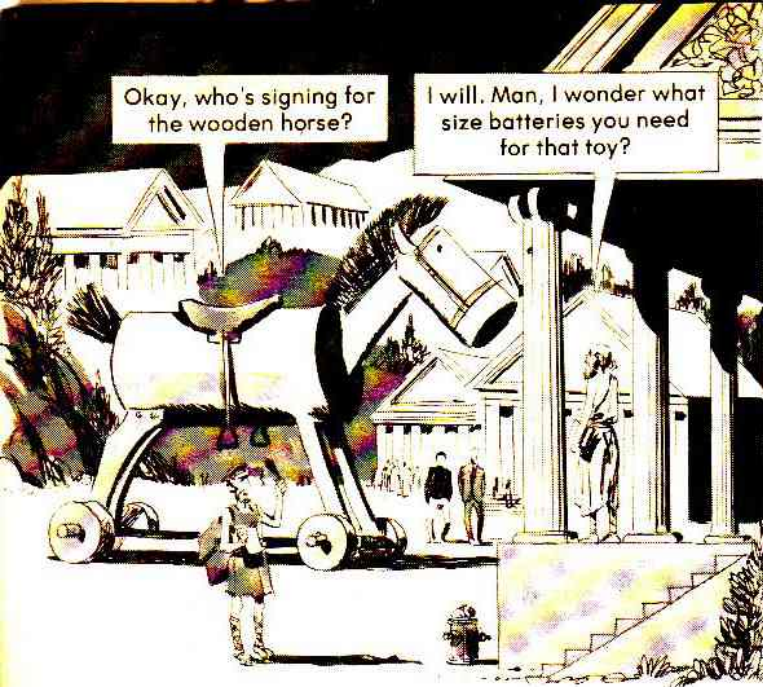
This isn't Greenwich Village. Now kiss off!



Something is coming through the funnel. It may be them.

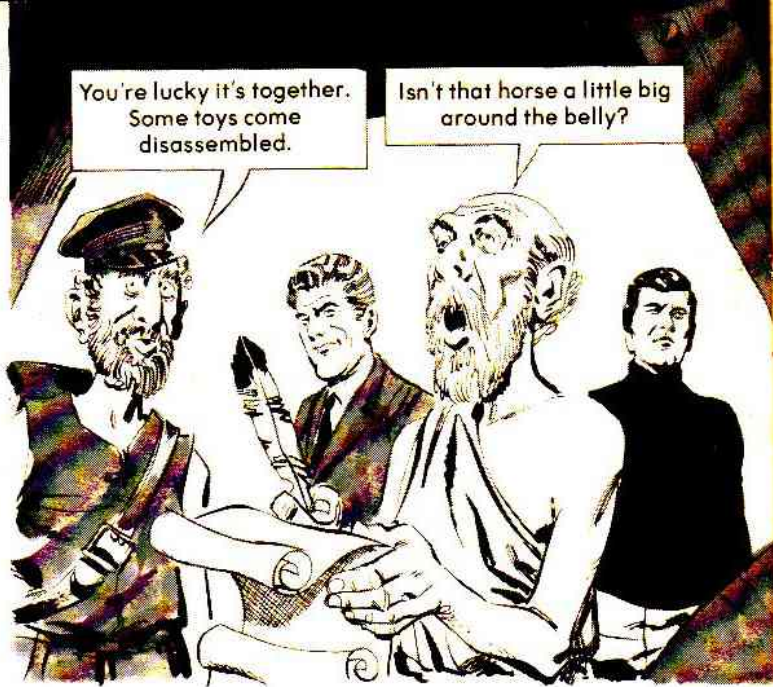






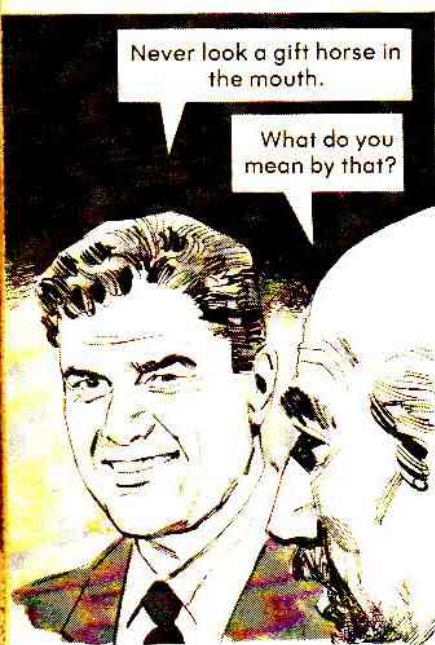
Okay, who's signing for the wooden horse?

I will. Man, I wonder what size batteries you need for that toy?



You're lucky it's together. Some toys come disassembled.

Isn't that horse a little big around the belly?



Never look a gift horse in the mouth.

What do you mean by that?



You guys are in for a big surprise.

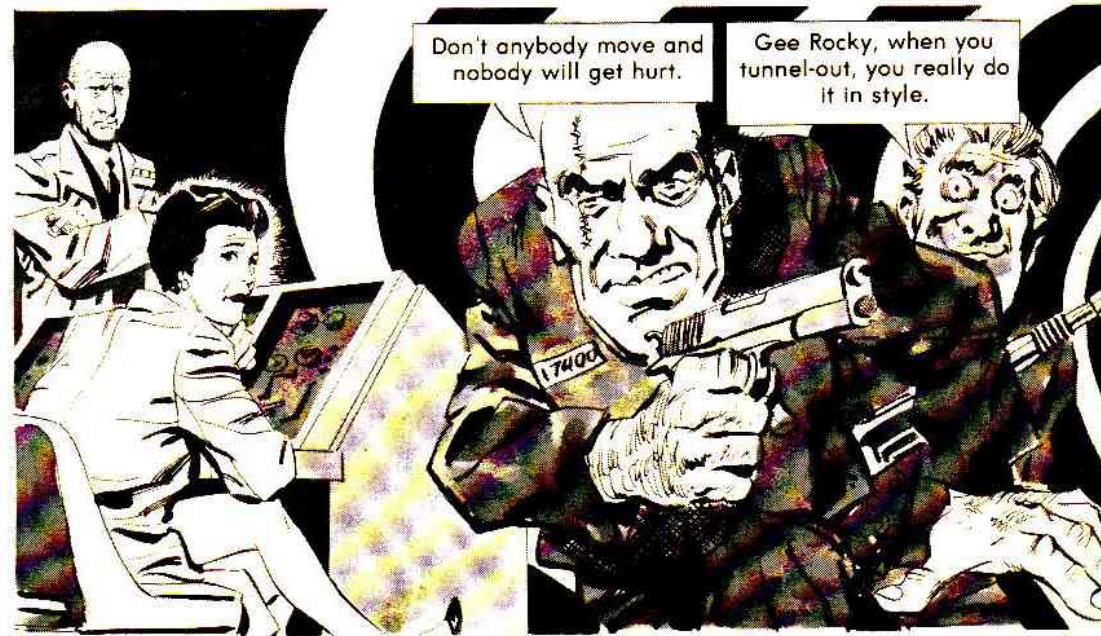
Where did you get those wild togas?

They must be those mods from Carnaby Street.



They're in Greece. I'll try to bring them back.

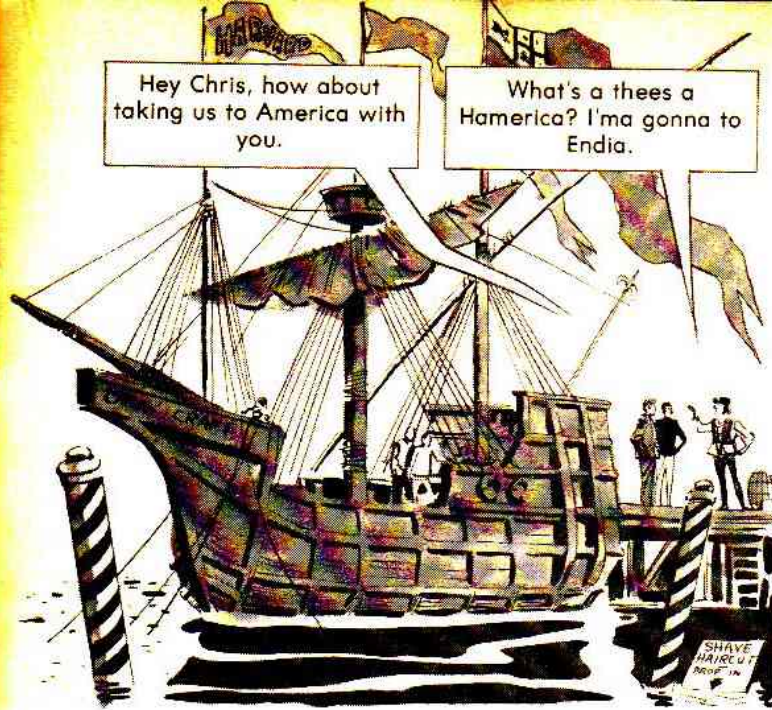
Something is coming through the funnel now.



Don't anybody move and nobody will get hurt.

Gee Rocky, when you tunnel-out, you really do it in style.





Hey Chris, how about taking us to America with you.

What's a thees a Hamerica? I'ma gonna to Endia.



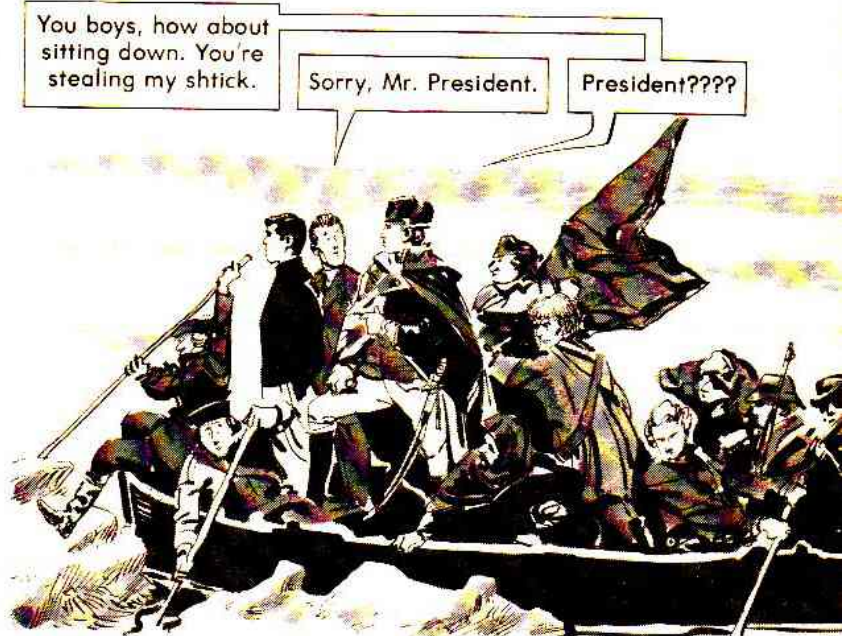
Right, but you'll never reach India.

Whatsamatter, you have too much vino, Luigi. I say I'ma gonna to Endia.

We'll never reach the states with him. Let's go see Lief Ericson.



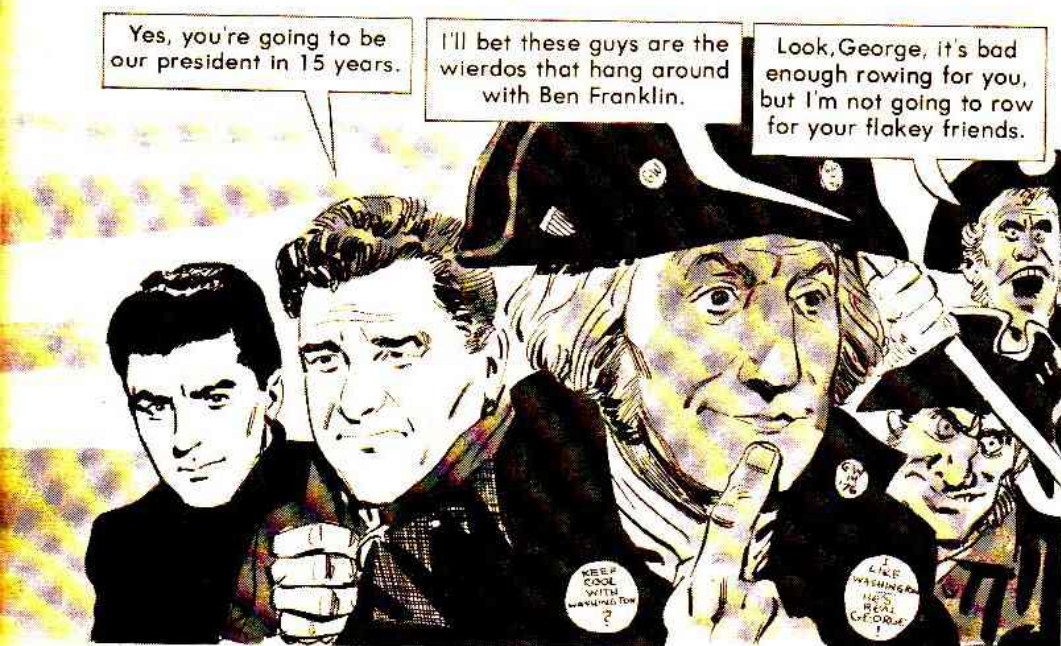
It seems like they're advancing in time. Try to bring them back now.



You boys, how about sitting down. You're stealing my shtick.

Sorry, Mr. President.

President????



Yes, you're going to be our president in 15 years.

I'll bet these guys are the wierdos that hang around with Ben Franklin.

Look, George, it's bad enough rowing for you, but I'm not going to row for your flakey friends.



Israel, I told you I was standing so I could be the first one to hit beach.

What beach? The battle's over, we're going home.



Ann, don't bring them back unless you're sure it's Doug and Tony.

I'll try. Here goes..... Something is coming through.



Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light....

That song doesn't have a beat, it will never make it.

Yeah, and you can understand the words. I'll give it a 60.

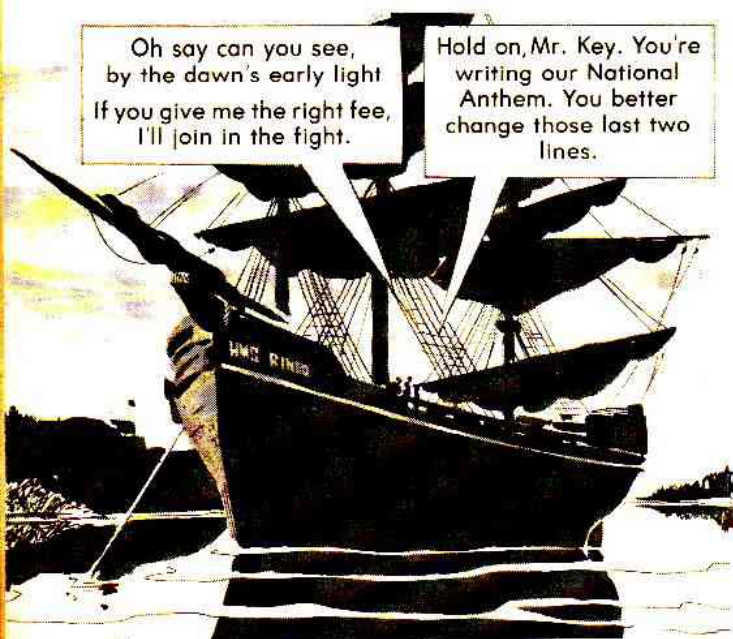


Hey, that's Francis Scott Key. He's writing the "Star Spangled Banner"



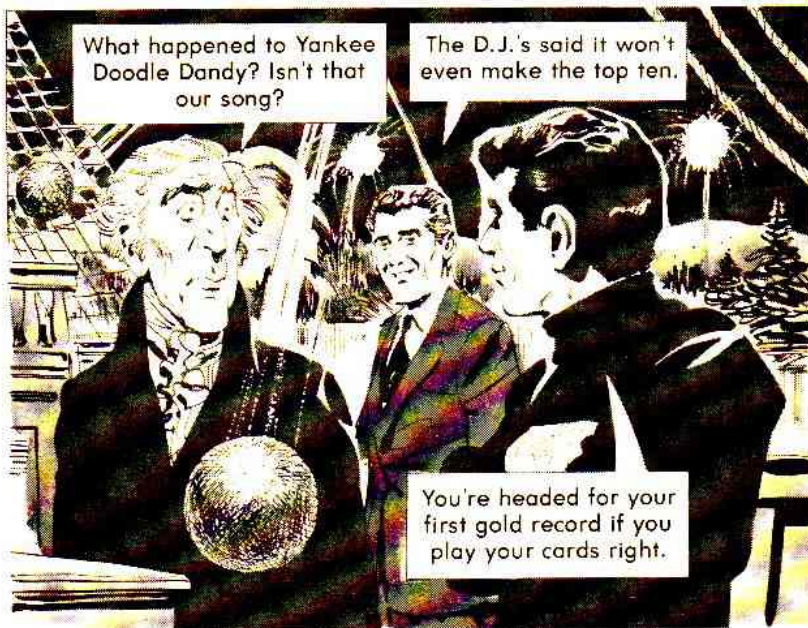
Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light  
If you give me the right fee,  
I'll join in the fight.

Hold on, Mr. Key. You're writing our National Anthem. You better change those last two lines.



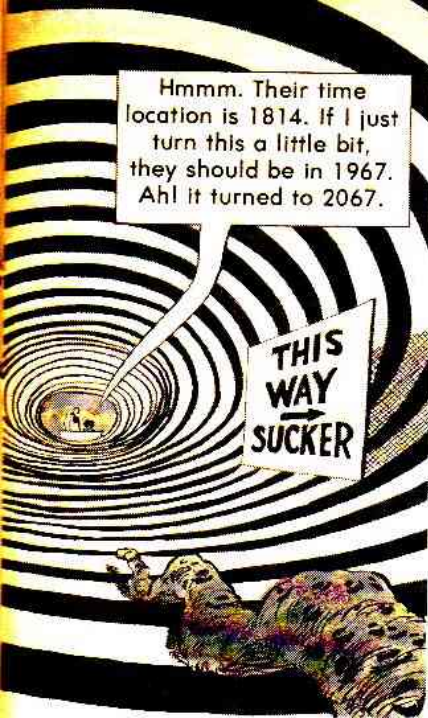
What happened to Yankee Doodle Dandy? Isn't that our song?

The D.J.'s said it won't even make the top ten.



You're headed for your first gold record if you play your cards right.





Hmmm. Their time location is 1814. If I just turn this a little bit, they should be in 1967. Ah! It turned to 2067.

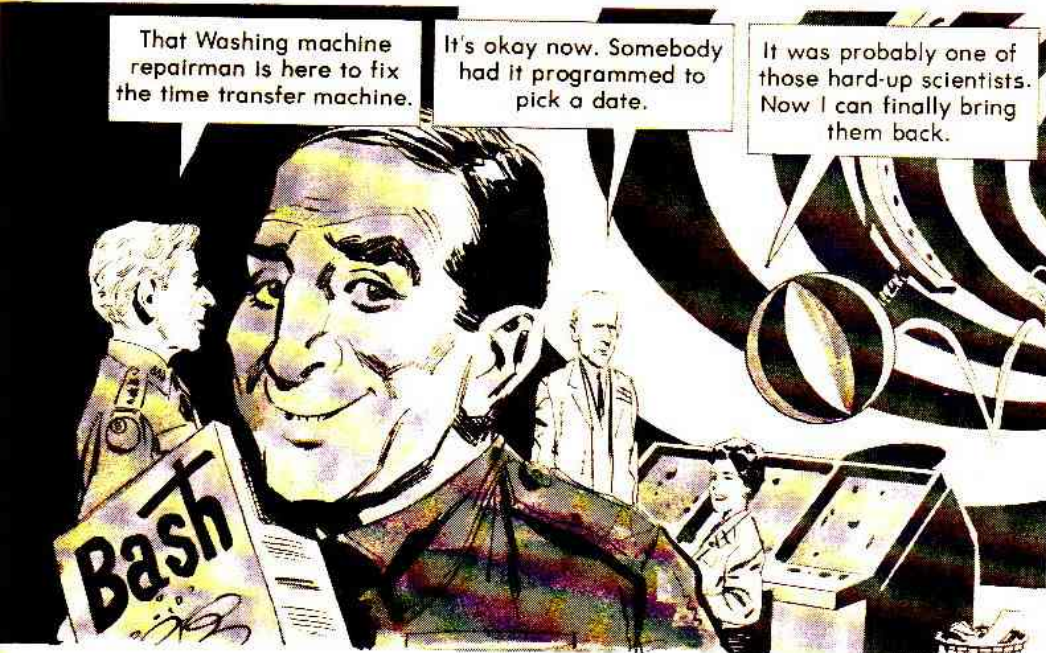
THIS WAY  
→  
SUCKER



Look at all these wild chicks.

Old Doc Swine finally put us someplace where we can have some kicks.

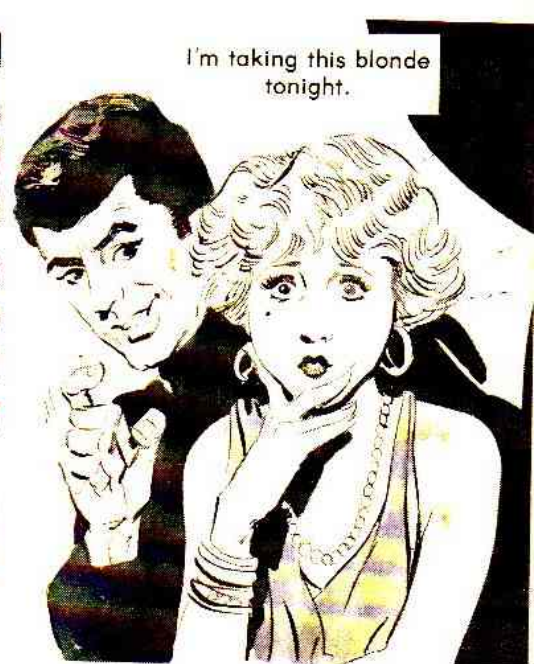
WELCOME  
TO  
CONEY  
ISLAND  
JIMMY WALKER  
MAYOR OF N.Y.



That Washing machine repairman is here to fix the time transfer machine.

It's okay now. Somebody had it programmed to pick a date.

It was probably one of those hard-up scientists. Now I can finally bring them back.



I'm taking this blonde tonight.



Tony, I can feel the Time Transfer Process working.

No, he can't bring us back now. Not now, just one more night.



What's the idea bringing us back.

I had to, the show has been cancelled because of bad ratings. We're being replaced by "O.K. Crackerby"!

MISS AMERICA

1492



Our pet expert, Jim Atkins, created the watermelon skit for a celebrated comedian. It has since become a collector's piece—Atkins has yet to collect his fee. Atkins, by the way, as the Nation's only registered Humor Lobbyist, has called on Congress to hold congressional hearings on joke stealing, which he claims is a billion-dollar-a-year business. We know that is not true because we don't pay Atkins much for the jokes he steals. Anyway, he wants to call Bob Hope, Milton Berle and Jackie Vernon as witnesses at this hearing.

# I Shot A Watermelon in My Pajamas

by Jim Atkins

Art by Arnold Franchioni

I really didn't shoot a watermelon in my pajamas. But, it makes a nice title, don't you think?

I wouldn't shoot a watermelon. You see, I actually love watermelons. I even have a watermelon as a pet.



Watermelons are really a lot of fun. They are easy to keep, although they need a lot of water.



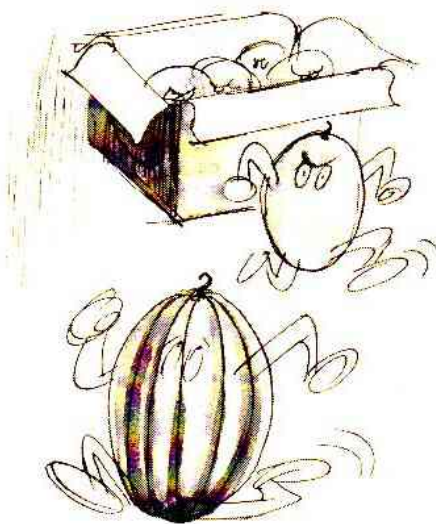
You can even breed watermelons. I crossed a watermelon and a potato and got a cross-eyed watermelon.



Watermelons are good to tell jokes to. How can you tell if they like the jokes? They roll in the aisles.



How to pick a watermelon for a pet? There are some things to watch out for. For example, watch out for peroxidized watermelons. You can spot them, they have dark roots.



Some melons are fickle. A cross-eyed watermelon once asked another melon to run away with it, but it wouldn't go. Said, "I can't." *toulouse.*

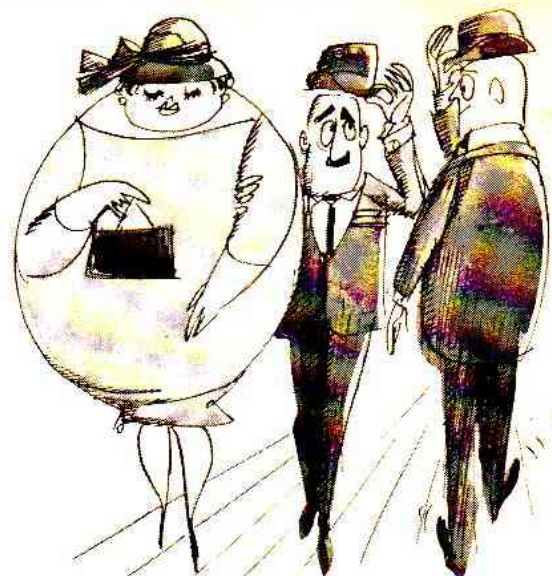




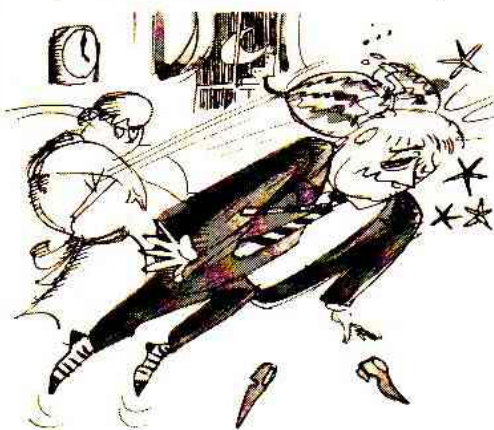
I've had some really interesting experiences with watermelons. Once, in a hotel, I called room service and ordered a watermelon. The bellboy brought it up, knocked on the door and said: "Watermelon for Mr. Atkins."



I told him to slip it under the door, I was dressing. Did you ever hear a watermelon scream?



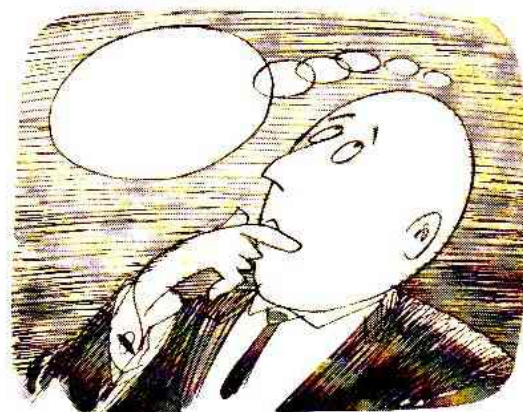
You can make up a lot of jokes about watermelons, just like elephant jokes. For example: Who was that watermelon I seed you out with last night? Answer: That was no watermelon, that was my wife.



Another problem you'll run into is known as "The Broken Watermelon Caper." This, of course, means a watermelon which is broken.



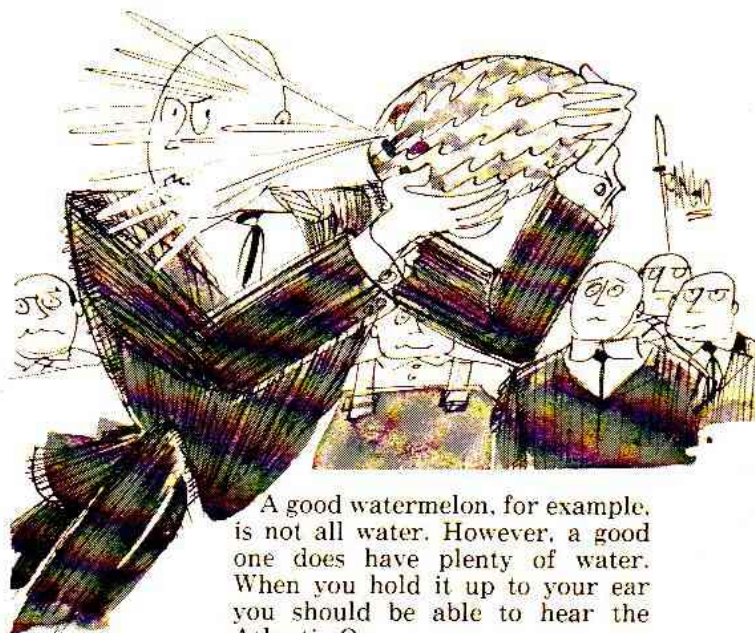
First you have to find someone who fixes fruit. Then you get him to fix your pet with a watermelon patch.



The most unforgettable watermelon I've ever met? I guess it was...I'll think of it in a minute.



The best advice I can give those of you who want to raise watermelons as pets is: know what you're about. You must learn to pick good watermelons.

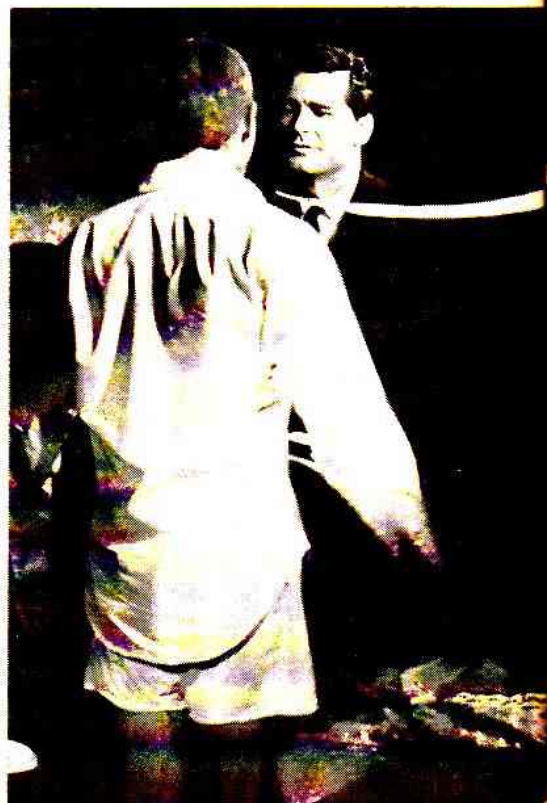


A good watermelon, for example, is not all water. However, a good one does have plenty of water. When you hold it up to your ear you should be able to hear the Atlantic Ocean.





# LOOK WHO'S





# TALKING

by Fred Wolfe



Gee, you've really got a thoughtful fiancé, Bob. When I stopped by, she offered to press my trousers.



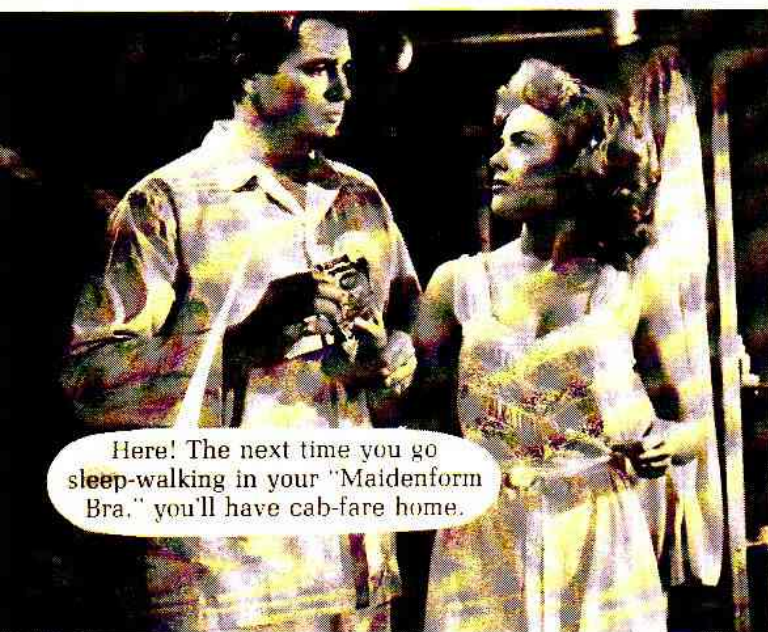
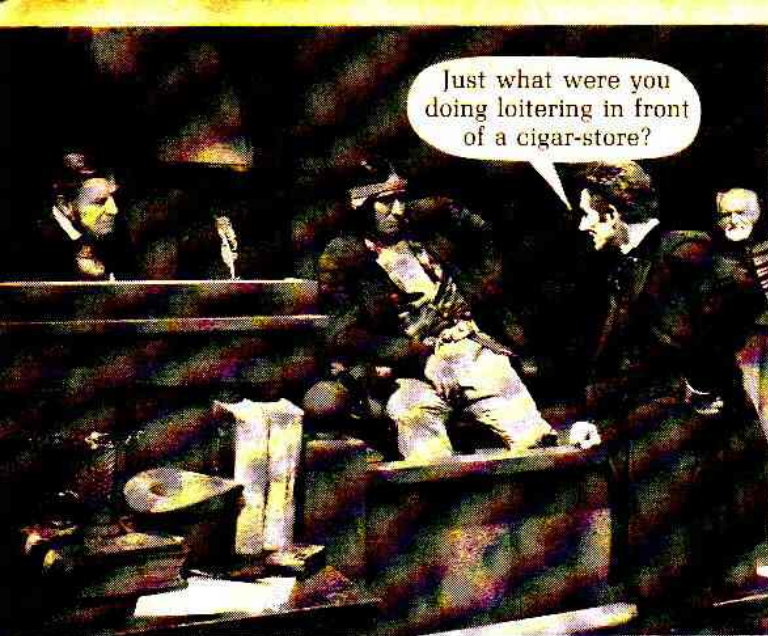
The greatest Indian-fighter in the West, wiped out by air-pollution!



And over there is Uranus.

That's great. Dad's been trying to find out her name for weeks!











# DRAG STRIP LINGO Illustrated



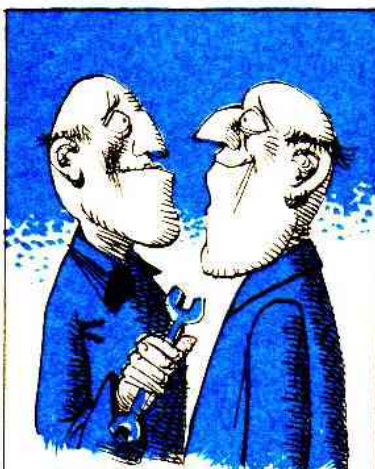
**ALKY**

Methanol alcohol



**ASPHALT EATER**

A top performing  
dragster



**BALDIES**

Worn tires



**BANZAI**

A run with engine at  
peak performance



**BRAIN BUCKET**

Safety helmet



**BITE**

Traction



**BOG**

Loss of power  
off line



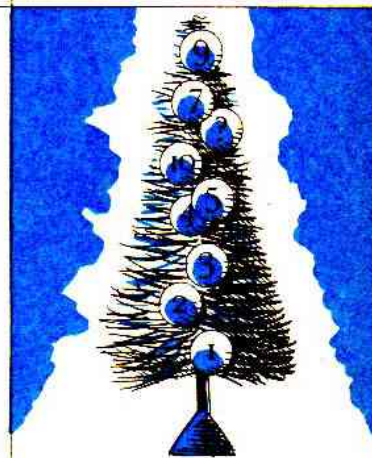
**CHICKEN**

Every driver on the  
road—but you



**CHEATERS**

Special racing tires



**CHRISTMAS TREE**

Electronic countdown  
starter





### DRAG

Quarter mile  
acceleration race



### E.T.

Elapsed time



### EYEBALL

To look over



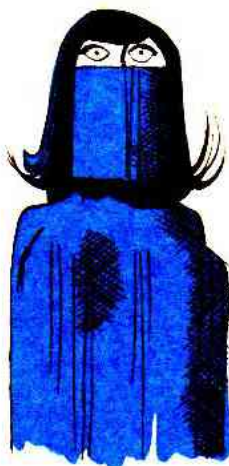
### FAT

Running rich



### FUELIE

Engine using special  
racing fuels



### GARBAGE

Unnecessary decoration



### GASSER

Car using gasoline



### GOODIES

Extra engine equipment



### HAIRY

A wild run



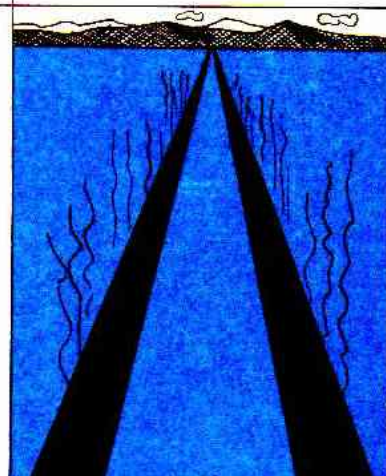
### HAULER

A real fast car



### HOT DOG

A top driver



### LAY A PATCH

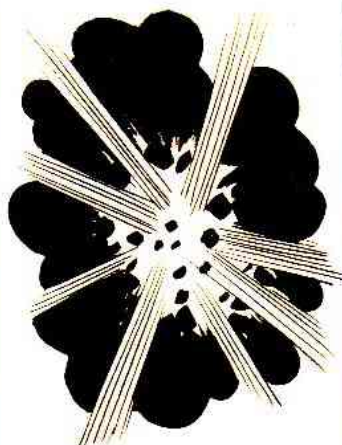
To leave black tire marks  
in accelerating





**NERD**

A square



**NITRO**

Nitro-Methane



**TUFF**

Something extra nice



**SANDBAG**

To cheat



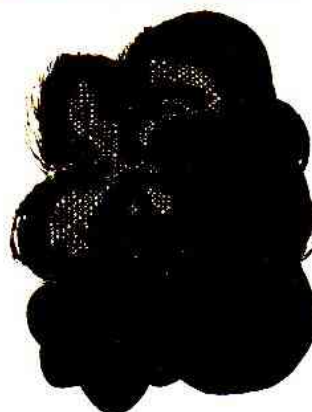
**STONE**

A car that doesn't run



**STOOP**

A clod who thinks a hot  
rod is a stolen gun



**SMOKE OFF**

To leave the starting  
line first



**TIP THE CAN**

Add more nitro



**TWILIGHT ZONE**

A run in the  
7 second bracket



**UNREAL**

Exceptional, fantastic



**WILD**

Way, way out



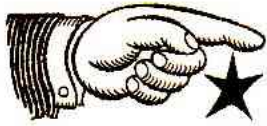
**ZOOMIES**

Upswept exhaust system  
on a dragster



A  
B  
C

These poems, picturing Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, are turning out to be quite controversial. The writer and his mother think they're great, but almost everybody else is pretty doubtful. Besides, we hear the President blames them for the loss of all those Democratic seats in Congress.



# the Great Society

Script by Fred Wolfe

Art by Al Scaduto

A

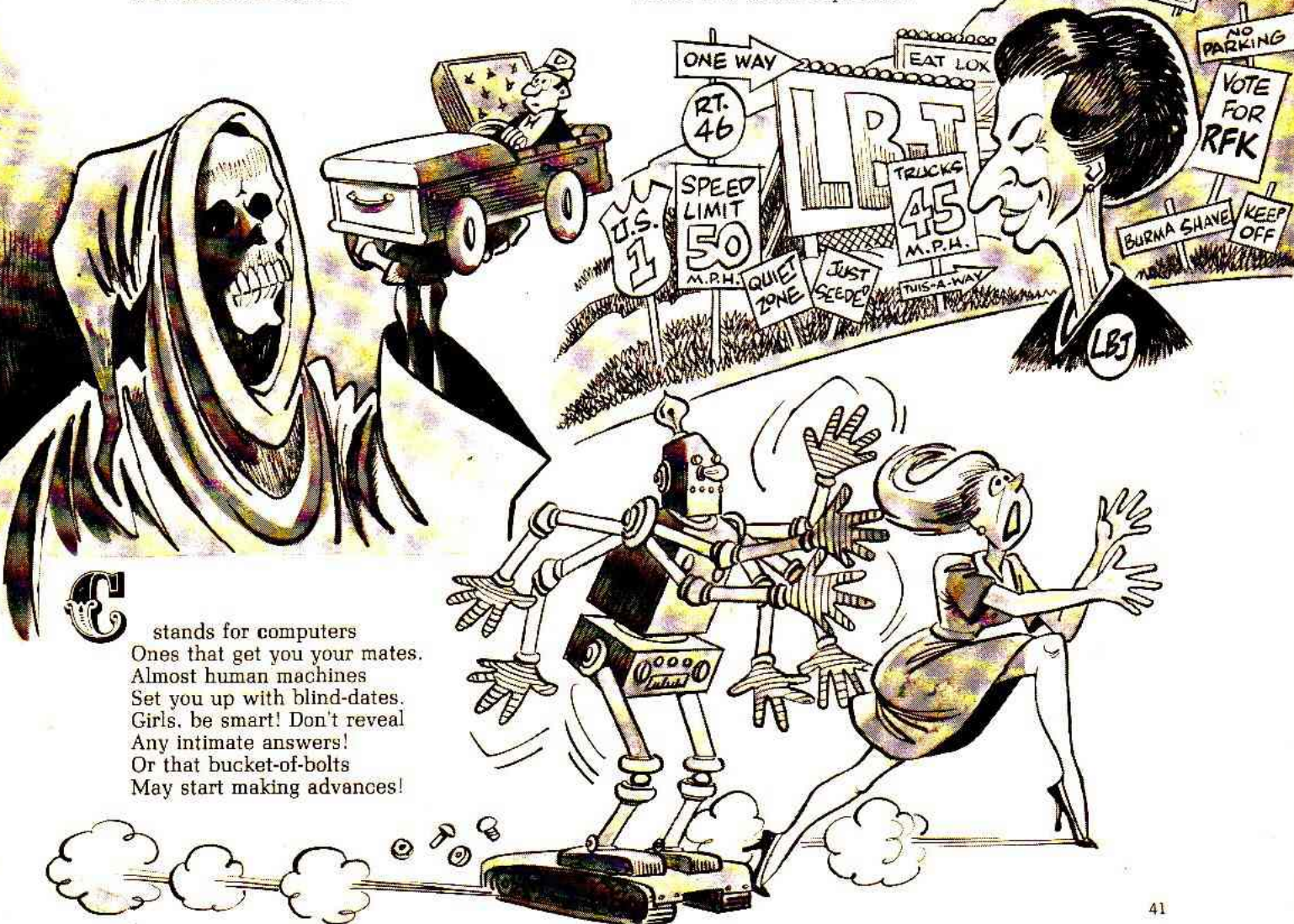
stands for autos  
(Detroit's no poor waif).  
With this industry's billions  
Autos still are unsafe.  
Sure, they style them real nice.  
Any faults, they will mask it.  
Jack, you're riding around  
In a chromium casket!

B

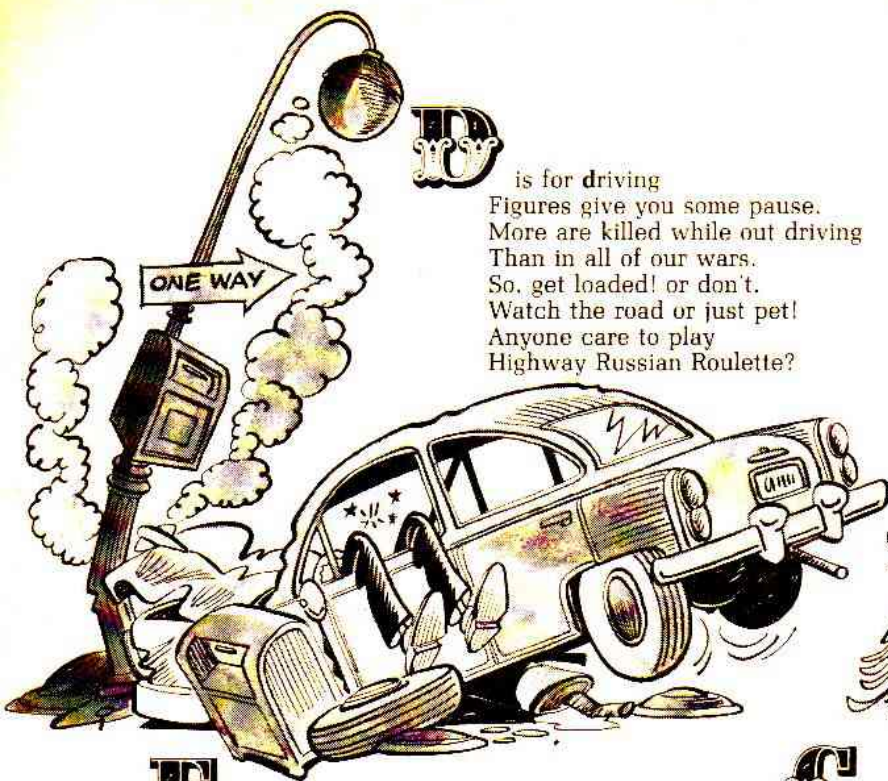
is for billboards  
A horrible blight.  
For they cover all natural  
Beauty in sight.  
Lady-Bird's added fuel  
To cast billboards aside.  
Still I think that it's cruel.  
Where will traffic-cops hide?

C

stands for computers  
Ones that get you your mates.  
Almost human machines  
Set you up with blind-dates.  
Girls, be smart! Don't reveal  
Any intimate answers!  
Or that bucket-of-bolts  
May start making advances!







**D**

is for driving  
Figures give you some pause.  
More are killed while out driving  
Than in all of our wars.  
So, get loaded! or don't.  
Watch the road or just pet!  
Anyone care to play  
Highway Russian Roulette?

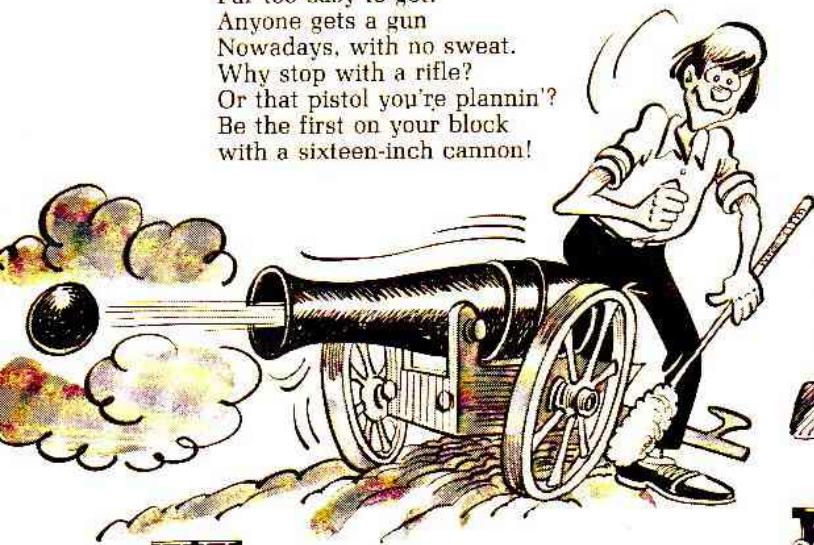
**E**

is for E.S.P.  
Extra-Sens'ry Perception.  
Your thoughts tuned to others.  
You get perfect reception.  
I don't know about you.  
But if I had those forces.  
I'd be down at the track.  
Reading minds of race-horses!



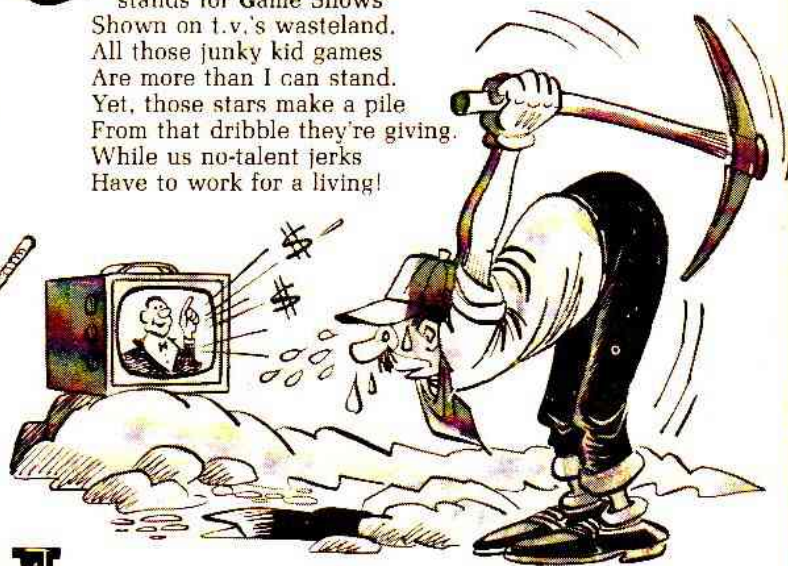
**F**

is for firearms  
Far too easy to get.  
Anyone gets a gun  
Nowadays, with no sweat.  
Why stop with a rifle?  
Or that pistol you're plannin'?  
Be the first on your block  
with a sixteen-inch cannon!



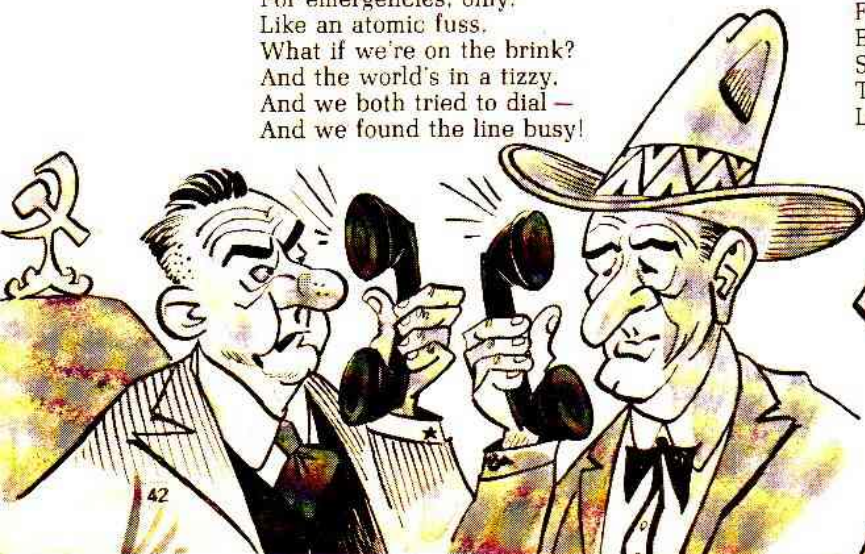
**G**

stands for Game Shows  
Shown on t.v.'s wasteland.  
All those junky kid games  
Are more than I can stand.  
Yet, those stars make a pile  
From that dribble they're giving.  
While us no-talent jerks  
Have to work for a living!



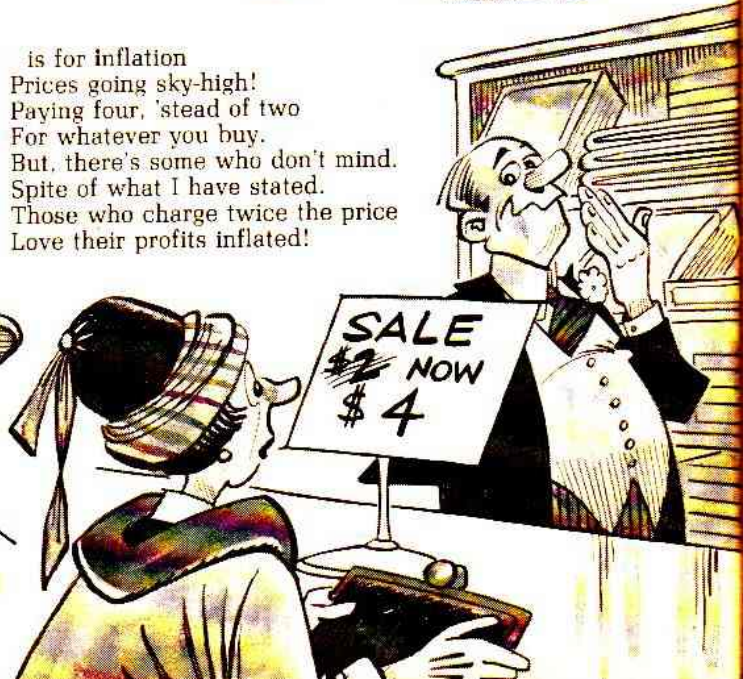
**H**

stands for Hot-Line  
Between Russia and US.  
For emergencies, only,  
Like an atomic fuss.  
What if we're on the brink?  
And the world's in a tizzy.  
And we both tried to dial —  
And we found the line busy!



**I**

is for inflation  
Prices going sky-high!  
Paying four, 'stead of two  
For whatever you buy.  
But, there's some who don't mind.  
Spite of what I have stated.  
Those who charge twice the price  
Love their profits inflated!





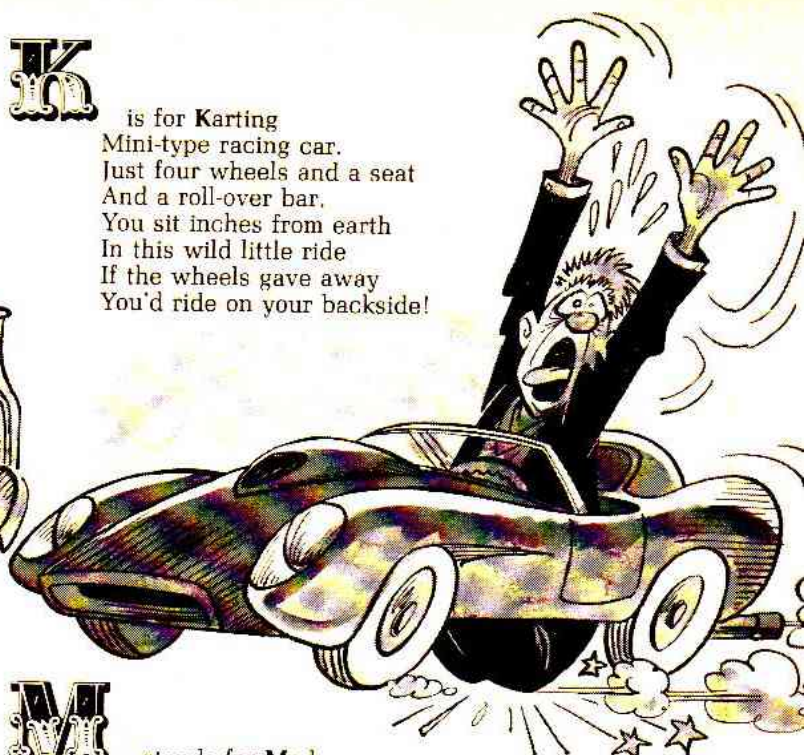
**J**

stands for Jan.  
Month that starts the New Year.  
When we get high on whisky  
And gallons of beer.  
Then, next day, we're half-dead.  
Can't recall, half the time.  
Yet, we seem to be certain  
We had a grand time!



**K**

is for Karting  
Mini-type racing car.  
Just four wheels and a seat  
And a roll-over bar.  
You sit inches from earth  
In this wild little ride  
If the wheels gave away  
You'd ride on your backside!



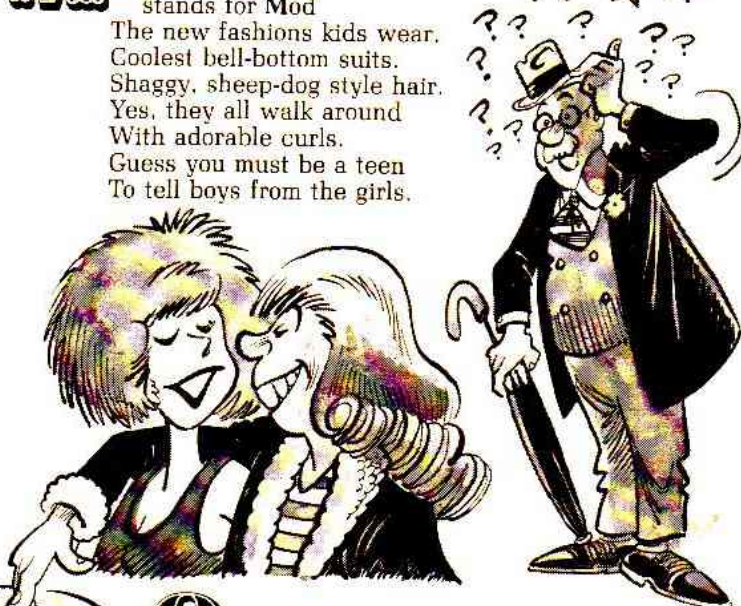
**L**

is for "Lux"  
It's just one kind of soap  
That makes promises  
Offering women new hope.  
"Try our Lux 3-day facial!  
And you'll look like a queen!"  
But if you're Phyllis Diller  
All you'll get is just clean!



**M**

stands for Mod  
The new fashions kids wear.  
Coolest bell-bottom suits.  
Shaggy, sheep-dog style hair.  
Yes, they all walk around  
With adorable curls.  
Guess you must be a teen  
To tell boys from the girls.



**N**

is for nylon  
A silk substitute.  
They look great on dames' legs.  
Make them look awfully cute.  
Even pilots use nylon  
Should they have to scoot.  
What if they got a run  
In their nylon-made chute?



**O**

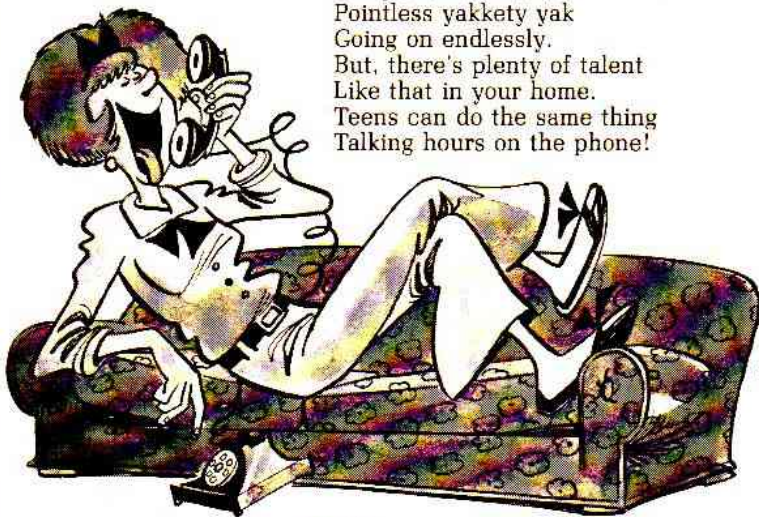
stands for Op-Art  
Sight-illusion type drawing.  
Op-Art gets "oohs!" and "aahs!"  
But it just leaves me snoring.  
True, it puts me to sleep.  
Wavy lines like a drunk.  
I suspect they're half-shot.  
Clods who paint Op-Art junk!





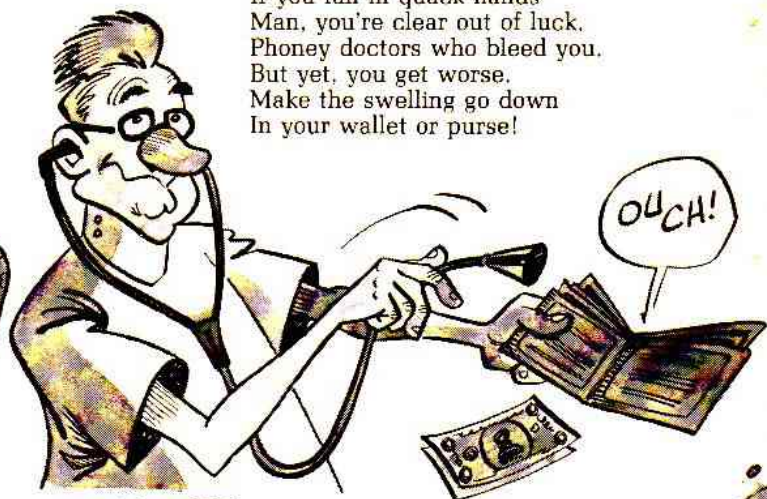
**P**

stands for Panels  
Talky-shows on t.v.  
Pointless yakkety yak  
Going on endlessly.  
But, there's plenty of talent  
Like that in your home.  
Teens can do the same thing  
Talking hours on the phone!



**Q**

stands for quacks  
(I don't mean Donald Duck).  
If you fall in quack hands  
Man, you're clear out of luck.  
Phoney doctors who bleed you.  
But yet, you get worse.  
Make the swelling go down  
In your wallet or purse!



**R**

stands for real  
Like those real-estate chaps.  
They will praise any house  
That is bound to collapse.  
They are kinda inclined  
To play games with the truth.  
They'll say: "Huge living-room!"  
For a telephone-booth!



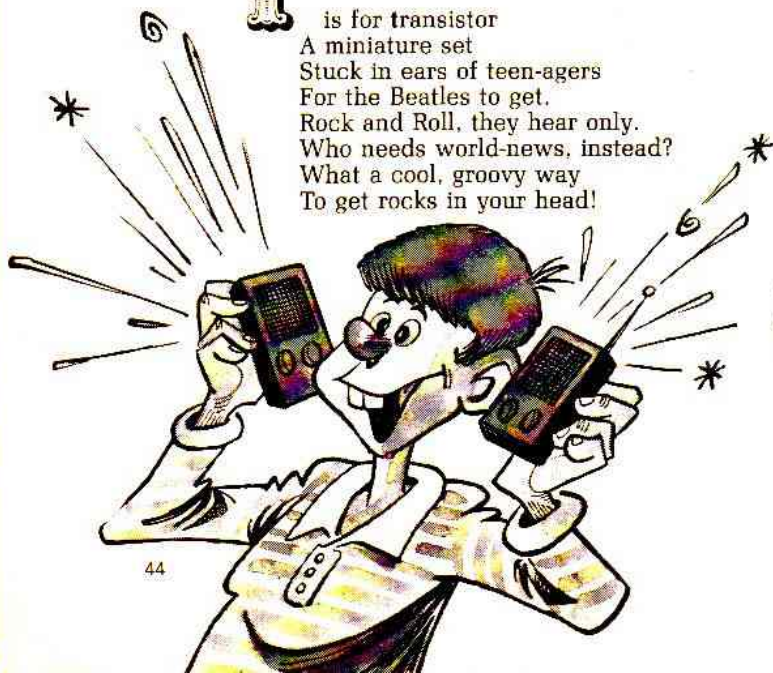
**S**

stands for smoking  
Like smoking in bed.  
What a great way to change  
Your pale skin to red.  
For, if you doze off,  
Leave lit butts on a shelf.  
You may find that you've made  
A real ash of yourself!



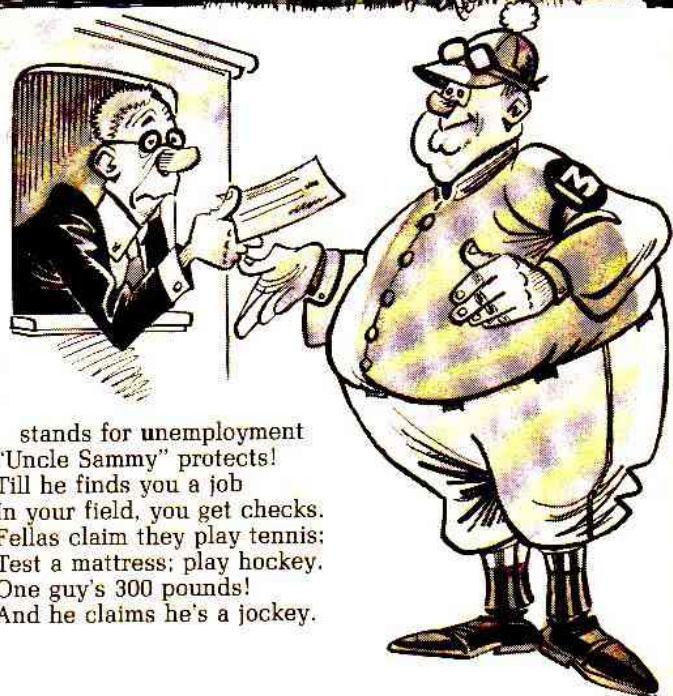
**T**

is for transistor  
A miniature set  
Stuck in ears of teen-agers  
For the Beatles to get.  
Rock and Roll, they hear only.  
Who needs world-news, instead?  
What a cool, groovy way  
To get rocks in your head!



**U**

stands for unemployment  
"Uncle Sammy" protects!  
Till he finds you a job  
In your field, you get checks.  
Fellas claim they play tennis:  
Test a mattress; play hockey.  
One guy's 300 pounds!  
And he claims he's a jockey.





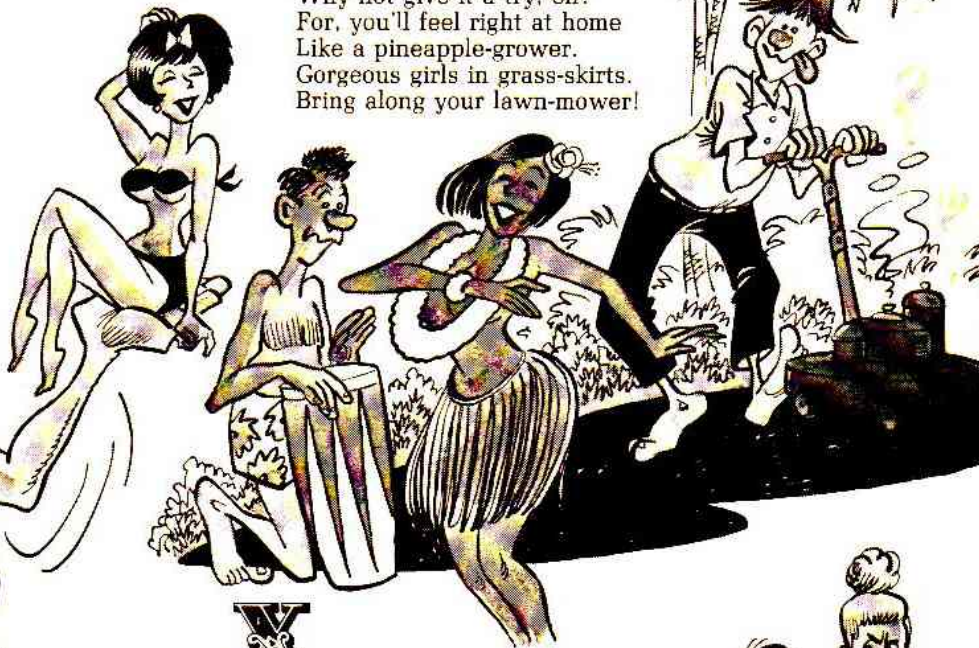
**W**

is for vigor  
Glowing health; rosiness.  
Having physical fitness  
Like the president says.  
So, eat Wheaties! Work out!  
Be you doctor or sailor.  
For, someday you may marry  
A chick like Liz Taylor!



**W**

's for Waikiki  
It's a beach in Hawaii.  
In our fiftieth state.  
Why not give it a try, eh?  
For, you'll feel right at home  
Like a pineapple-grower.  
Gorgeous girls in grass-skirts.  
Bring along your lawn-mower!



**X**

is for Xavier  
Cugat, that is.  
Grand old man with marraccas  
In the Latin band biz.  
He just married teen "Charo."  
What a honeymoon scene!  
Cugat! — Charo! —  
And baby-sitter, between.



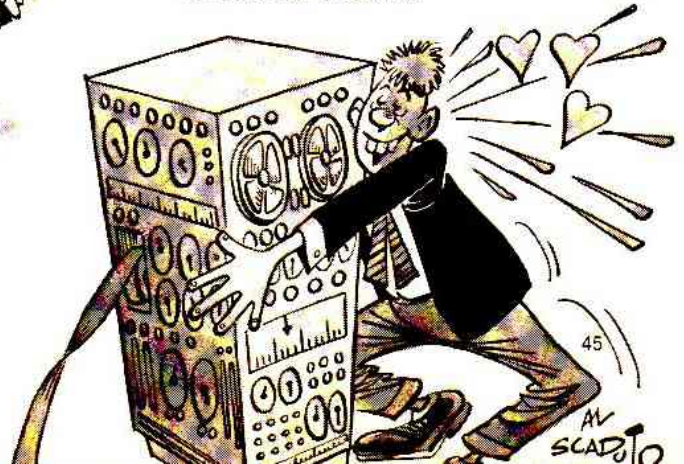
**Y**

is for Yurt  
(It's an Indian hut).  
Made of sticks held together  
With some fish's gut.  
"Quickie-builders" today  
Put this house on your land.  
Then, call it a "mansion."  
And charge fifty-grand!



**Z**

stands for Zip-Code  
Numbers tacked on your mail.  
All those digits, today  
Make my brain slip its rail.  
Longer telephone numbers.  
Sometimes ten or fifteen!  
Sell your mind! And then buy  
An I.B. M. machine!





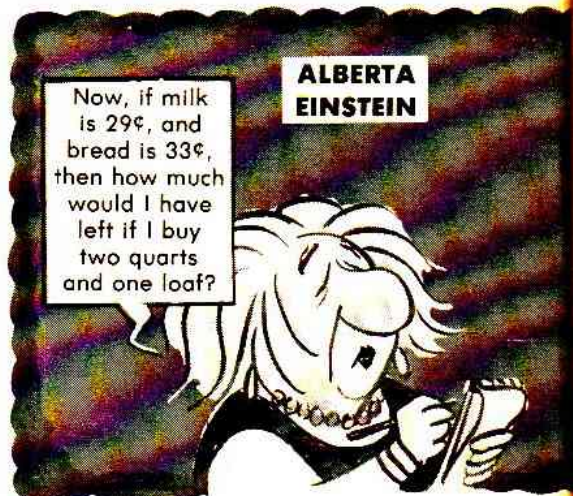
# IF THEY HAD BEEN SHE'S

How different the world would be if certain great men had been born females!

by B. Wiseman

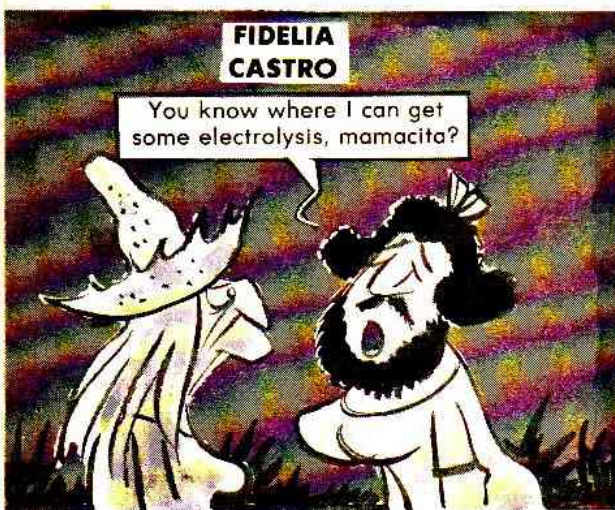


**SUPERWOMAN**



**ALBERTA EINSTEIN**

Now, if milk is 29¢, and bread is 33¢, then how much would I have left if I buy two quarts and one loaf?



**FIDELIA CASTRO**

You know where I can get some electrolysis, mamacita?



**NAPOLEONETTA**



**GEORGIA WASHINGTON**

Oh, no, I didn't chop the cherry tree!!



**AUGUSTA RODIN**



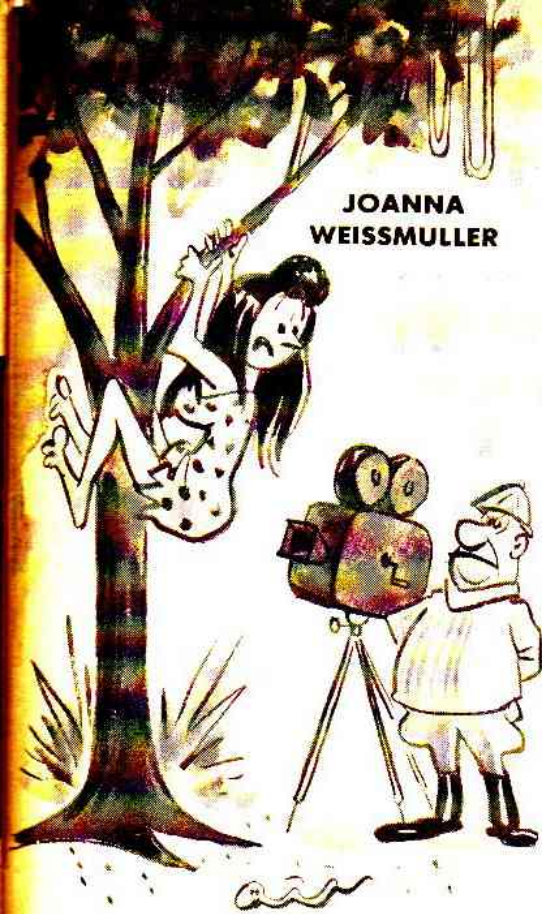
**JOSEPHINA DE MAGGIO**



**CECILY B. DE MILLE**

And you stand right there!





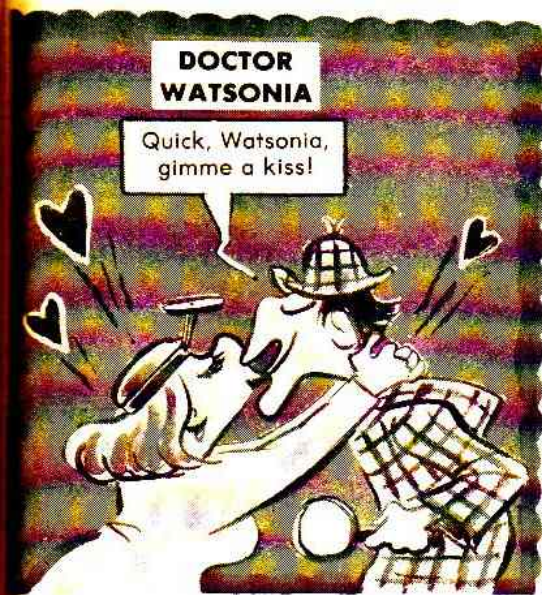
**JOANNA  
WEISSMULLER**



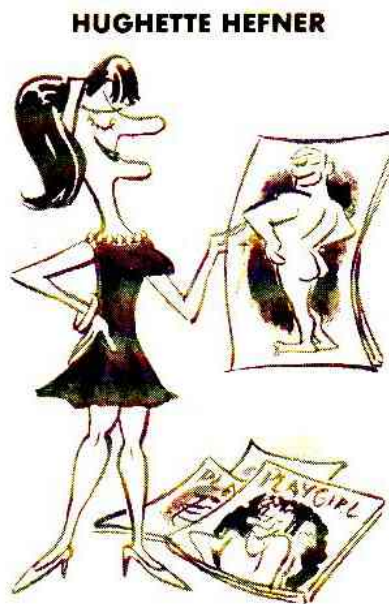
**HENRIETTA THE VIII**



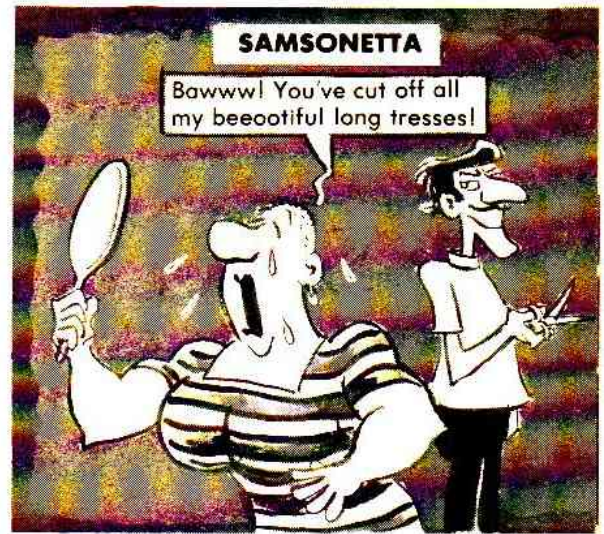
**JOAN PAULA JONES**



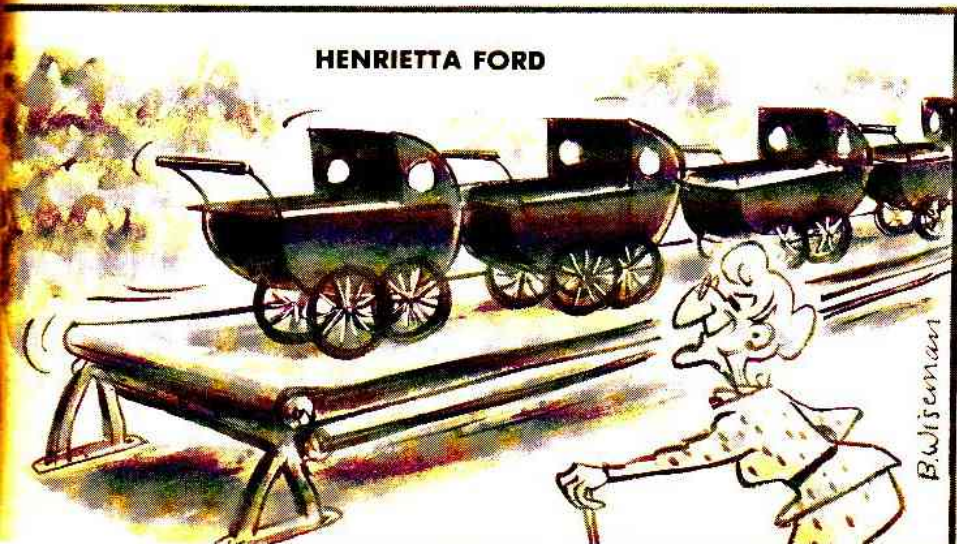
**DOCTOR  
WATSONIA**



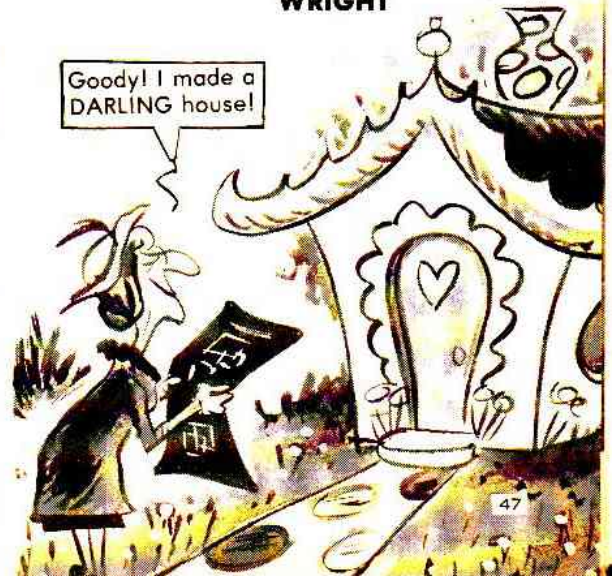
**HUGHETTE HEFNER**



**SAMSONETTA**



**HENRIETTA FORD**



**FRANCINE LLOYD  
WRIGHT**



# Sick Looks Back at the MOVIE GREATS

As another service to its typical Very Youthful Viewer (8 years old, weighs 79 pounds, was last seen wearing an Argyle sock and carrying a whip), SICK presents a capsule sum-up of great cinema epics of the past. These films were produced before the Very Youthful Viewer was old enough to appreciate them. They were also produced before the producers were old enough.

In these brief reviews, SICK makes no effort to comment on the quality of the films, mainly because the reviewer fell asleep before completing the film. He also fell asleep before completing the reviews.

Our pictures this time, as we tip-toe softly down the corridors of time are *COLLEGE CONFIDENTIAL*, *MA BARKER'S KILLER BROOD*, and *BIMBO THE GREAT*.

## COLLEGE CONFIDENTIAL

(An Albert Zugsmith Production)

In this picture, Steve Allen plays the part of a college professor doing research on topics that interest college students; namely sex, the jet age, sex, elevator operators, bombs, and yes, sex.

His wife, Jayne Meadows, plays a reporter and asks him:

"Tell me, prof, I'm a reporter for the Evening Explosion and I want to know why you're taking movies of these scantily-clad girls and under-dressed brutes like Albert Zugsmith?"

Steve tells her:

"Because I want to find out if kids are still as interested in this stuff as they used to be. And I don't know how it used to be. Know anybody who knows how it used to be?"

Jayne replies: "How about Albert Zugsmith?"

Steve breaks off the conversation because he has to inspect the student body, played by Mamie van Doren.

Steve invites reporter Jayne to attend a wild college party featuring drinking, dancing, bird calls and Albert Zugsmith doing imitations of George Raft performing

the Cubanola Glide. Steve is caught making home movies of the proceedings — without film in his camera.

"It's not much to look at later, but it's cheaper."

A policeman, played in part by Rocky Marciano, arrests Steve for voyeurism, Peeping Tomism, nastyism, dirty-old-manism and associating with a known producer, Albert Zugsmith.

Steve goes off on a bender (left over from Dean Martin's personal appearances) which gives him a chance to do one of the dramatic highlights of his or Lionel Atwill's career.

In this scene we find Steve draped over a bar, lips akimbo, begging for booze.

*Bartender:* What'll it be, lush?

*Steve:* Give me a gimlet with gin, Scotch, bourbon and rye and some Drano. Make it a double. I'm trying to forget.

*Bartender:* Forget what?

*Steve:* This picture.

Steve is tried in a small-town court, gives a speech on intellectual freedom which is believed by everybody but Albert Zugsmith, and is set free....free again to take home movies of Mamie van Doren—this time with film in the camera.

In the last scene, Steve is shown buying a revolver and eyeing an 8 by 10 glossy photograph of Albert Zugsmith, with a bullseye drawn on his forehead.





## MA BARKER'S KILLER BROOD

The family that slays together, stays together is the theme of this great all-time hunk of celluloid. Lurene Tuttle plays the notorious Ma Barker, the last of the dedicated mothers, dedicated to killing, robbing and wholesale slaughter. She teaches her sons to murder, steal and maim from the musical Auntie Maim.

In a character-building scene which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, Ma tells her two sons:

"There is nothing like brotherly love. But not on city streets."

One by one the boys get caught at their nefarious trade. One son gets arrested for withdrawing his Christmas Club funds early—3 a.m. Another is caught rifling a bank's cash boxes through no vault of his own. A third is nabbed when he tried to hold up a Wells Fargo truck, and it fell on him. Ma Barker was arrested for scene stealing.

The picture ends when the alarm goes off, giving the audience a chance to escape from the theater.



by Bill Majeski

## BIMBO THE GREAT

This film was presented by Joseph E. Levine to the viewing public along with a box of chocolates and three feet of monogrammed dental floss. All were turned down.

Filmed in Circoscope, which means that the leading man had three rings under his eyes, Bimbo is an amalgam of all the great circus stories of all time—Trapeze, Chad Hanna, Clyde Beatty and Judgement at Nuremberg.

Seen in the film are the confident lion tamer who combs his hair before putting it in the lion's mouth; the drowsy tight-rope walker who falls asleep on the job, and the unfortunate aerial trapeze artist whose partner shows up just five seconds late.

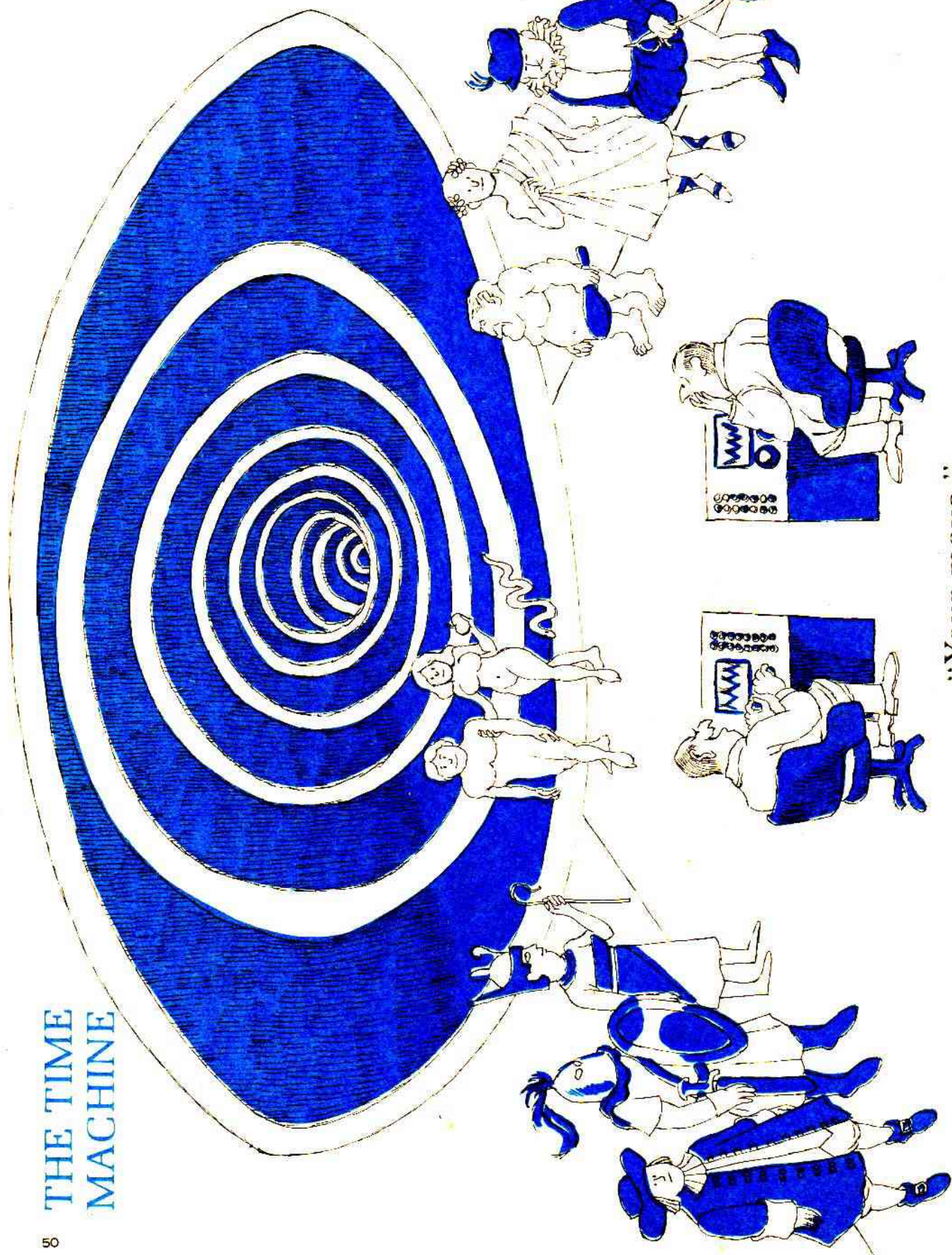
Claus Holm and Germaine Damar, two imports, later to become know as exports, starred in the film, a film so realistic you can almost smell the sawdust and cotton candy. In fact, the theaters who showed the picture sold a mixture of sawdust and cotton candy. It's called popcorn. So is the movie.





# THE TIME MACHINE

50



“Your move.”



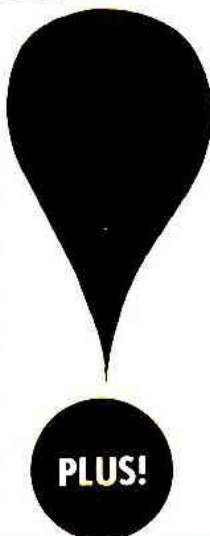
# BRIGHTEN YOUR OUTLOOK WITH THESE 2 SATIRE SPECTACULARS!

## BIG SICK BIRTHDAY ANNUAL



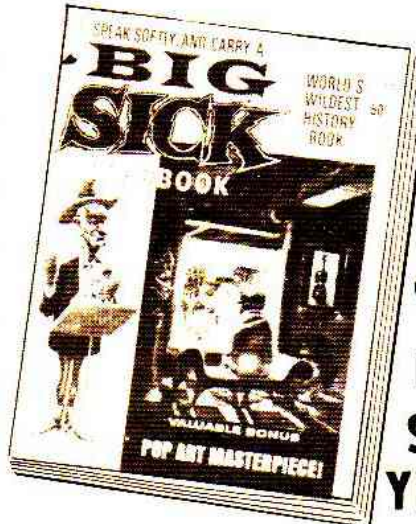
featuring  
THE BIGGEST KICKS  
IN 7 YEARS OF SICK

HERE ARE THE SATIRE CLASSICS OF THE DECADE! SKITS THAT WERE REPEATED ON BROADWAY REVUES! THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS! THE JACK PAAR SHOW! AND BY MANY OF THE TOP COMEDIANS AND MONOLOGISTS! ALL IN ONE FABULOUS! BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL!



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**A GLOSSY! FULL-COLOR!  
3-PAGE FOLDOUT**  
OF THE "WHY TRY HARDER"  
KID! AMERICA'S UNDER-  
DOG MASCOT  
**HUCKLEBERRY FINK.**  
Hang it in your den! club-  
house! bedroom! or class-  
room! This clod is so pitiful,  
just looking at him is guar-  
anteed to make you feel  
superior! Will brighten your  
world! build you up! bring  
happiness and confidence!  
Also a good luck piece!

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Besides a barrage of our most sickening features, this hilarious publication will contain **THE MOST COMPLETE PICTORIAL HUMOR HISTORY BOOK** ever published.

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**SICK MAGAZINE**  
32 West 22 Street  
New York, N. Y. 10010

☐ Being a person of distinction, I am already the owner of the **BIG SICK ANNUAL #1** and, to complete my "LET US ENTERTAIN YOU" collection, I am enclosing **50¢** for which you will rush me the new **BIG SICK YEARBOOK**.

☐ I enclose **\$1.00** for which I will receive both the **BIG ANNUAL** and the **BIG YEARBOOK**, which I will promptly mutilate in order to secure the two fabulous pop art masterpieces.

☐ I am too cheap to buy both the magnificent **ANNUAL** and the Incredible **YEARBOOK**, so I enclose **50¢** for one. Mainly, the . . .

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